# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."

VOL XXIII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1898. NO 24.


## "I'LL SHOOT," SAID HE,

### "The First Man Who Interferes With This Scrap!"

**Dukes Has an Old Time Slugging Match With Trimmings.**

Dukes, just over the line in Hancock county, is not a very big town, but it's a hot burg for it's size. Saturday night, which was Christmas eve, is one that will be long remembered there for on that night occurred a fight that was a vivid reminder of the slugging matches so numerous in this section a half century ago

Eldred Powers and Dave Isom, two powerfully built young men, who are as gamy as they can be, had some little difference in opinion as to the quality of whiskey they had been drinking.

Both were egotistic enough to think they were the best judges of liquor in Kentucky and as there was no way to settle the difficulty outside the arbitrament of arms, they shed their coats and went after each other in a way that would have warmed the cockles of the hearts of our ancient and respected ancestors.

They used their fists, their knives and teeth and all other weapons they had access to. Some say that the fight lasted five minutes; others say it was of two hours duration, but the most credible witnesses say it all happened in a space of thirty minutes.

It is certain that the fight would have been much more brief had the peacemakers in the crowd been allowed to interfere, but it is alleged that a young man named Luster arrogated to himself the duties of master of ceremonies and pulling out his pistol he yelled "I'll shoot the first man who interferes with this scrap."

Luster's proclamation carried more respect with it than a manifesto from Aguinaldo and no one interfered. The combatants ceased from pure exhaustion and loss of blood.

The following is a list of casualities:

Mr. Powers, of Dukes, Ky., two stab wounds inflicted with a knife.

Mr. Powers, of Dukes, Ky., fingers badly bitten by teeth of his opponent.

Mr. Isom, of Dukes, Ky., badly disfigured about the face and eyes by the fists of his antagonist.

Peace has settled over Dukes and once more the sun shines bright over our old Kentucky home.

### TELEPHONE TALK.

**Ohio County Companies Have Consolidated.**

The Ohio County Telephone company has strung its wire from Fordsville to Sulphur Springs, and is pushing right on to Hartford and Beaver Dam, and by January 15 will have its line up to the two latter named places and the instruments put in. Fordsville will then have two lines into the county seat, which will ensure cheap toll rates, as the local company will begin business over their line at a fifteen cent rate, while the rate of the Cumberland company is twenty-five cents.

The Ohio County Telephone company and the Fordsville Telephone company have consolidated, and have decided to build a line from Fordsville to Owensboro direct, by way of Whitesville, Deanefield and Philpot, connecting with the Harrison exchange at Owensboro. It will be a metallic-circuit line, and one of great importance to Owensboro, as it will carry the business of twenty-five toll stations.

A local exchange will be established at Fordsville, with J. D. Cooper as manager, the material now being on the ground for the work.

### A Wise Bird.

A magnificent specimen of horned owl was shipped by the Vest Bros., Monday to Evanston, Ill., where it will be used as a New Year's attraction in the show windows of Wilkerson Bros., store. The owl, which is a wise looking bird, will doubtless wonder over the fate that compels it to hoot mournfully in Chicago, far away from the hills and hollows of old Kentucky.


### A LITTLE SUFFERER

**Face, Hands and Arms Covered With Scrofulous Humors—How a Cure Was Effected.**

"When five years old my little boy had scrofula on his face, hands and arms. It was worst on his chin, although the sores on his cheeks and hands were very bad. It appeared in the form of red pimples which would fester, break open and run and then scab over. After disappearing they would break out again. They caused intense itching and the little sufferer had to be watched constantly to keep him from scratching the sores. We became greatly alarmed at his condition. My wife's mother had had scrofula and the only medicine which had helped her was Hood's Sarsaparilla. We decided to give it to our boy and we noted an improvement in his case very soon. After giving him four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla the humor had all been driven out of his blood and he has never since been troubled with scrofula." WILLIAM BARTZ, 410 South Williams St., South Bend, Indiana.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Be sure to get only Hood's.

**Hood's Pills** cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.


### VERY SUCCESSFUL.

**Breckenridge Boy Becomes a Successful Educator.**

Prof. J. M. Pyle, of Wayne, Neb., is visiting his mother in the Buras neighborhood. Mr. Pyle is an honor to his native county. When he went to Wayne a few years since he had little money and the citizens of Wayne erected suitable college buildings for his normal school. They proposed to give him the buildings and grounds if he secured 200 boarding pupils for the school. He did so and now the property belongs to him. The Wayne Normal School now has 350 pupils and is now one of the most prosperous educational institutions in the west.

## OFFICER KILLED.

### By a Tough Character in Hartford.

**Sam Casebier Falls a Victim to the Deadly Knife of Chas. King.**

Hartford, the county seat of Ohio, was thrown into an intense degree of excitement Saturday afternoon by the murder of Town Marshal Sam Casebier and the wounding of G. B. Likens by Chas. King.

On Saturday morning King, who lives in the country, a few miles from town went to Hartford, it is said, for the avowed purpose of killing Casebier and Likens. At 2:30 in the afternoon Marshal Casebier attempted to arrest a man named Wright, who was drunk and disorderly. King interfered in the same time drawing a large dirk knife. The officer then told King to consider himself under arrest, and made an effort to catch King by the arm, but missed his arm and caught him by the shoulder. King began to plung the dirk in Casebier's breast, and three times he thrust the blade into the victim's body. Before falling Casebier drew his revolver and fired two shots at King, but both went wide of the mark aimed at. G. B. Likens ran to Casebier's assistance, and received a cut on the thigh about six inches long and clear to the bone. Casebier lived only an hour. Citizens arrested King and put him in jail. Excitement ran high and it was clear to be seen that as soon as dark came on a mob would take King out of the jail and lynch him, so the sheriff and jailer of Ohio county took him and went to Beaver Dam, where they took a train for Louisville, and he was turned over to the jailer of Jefferson county for safe keeping.

Casebier was about thirty years of age, and was a popular and highly respected citizen. King is a tough, and if reports from Hartford are true, Ohio county will certainly have another hanging, legal or otherwise, and the chief actor of the occasion will be Charles King, the murderer of Sam Casebier.

During the excitement incident to the killing of Casebier, Wright escaped, but a posse was organized to go into pursuit, as it is believed that Wright created the trouble as an accomplice of King.

### HAND CRUSHED.

**A Brakeman Meets With a Painful Accident.**

Joe Downard, a well-known brakeman, who lives at West Point met with a painful accident in this city Saturday afternoon. While making a coupling his hand was caught between the drawheads and was crushed. It may be necessary to amputate the member.

### Thinks it Appropriate.

Dr. A. A. Simons prides himself on his keen appreciation of the fitness of things. His best friend, John Vest, is apparently growing younger as the years roll by. The doctor, thinking that John has discovered the fountain of youth, and has used its waters so freely as to hasten the coming of his second childhood, sent a rattle-box as a Christmas present, thinking it the fittest gift he could make under the circumstances.


### FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE

there is nothing better than Foley's Kidney Cure, everyone who tries it will agree to this.—A. R. Fisher, Cloverport; R. A. Shellman, Stephensport; E. A. Witt, Hardinburg.


### Grippe is Epidemic.

La Grippe is epidemic in this city. It is as much prevalent here as it is in large cities. Quite a number of people are suffering with it. Among those that are confined to their homes are J. D. Babbage, of the News, Mrs. Ed. Kissam and child, and Mrs. Charles Babbage and child. All are now recovering.

### Death of Mrs. Horace Roff.

Mrs. Horace Roff, a most estimable old lady, died at 4 o'clock Sunday at her home at Mowequa, Ill. She was 84 years of age, and a sister of George H. Gregory. She was buried at the old family graveyard at Tobinsport.

### Happy Children.

The children at all the Sunday schools were happily remembered Sunday by being given gifts of candy, fruits and nuts. Special exercises helped to make the services unusually interesting.

## PLUGGED HIS MAN.

### City Marshal Shoots a Bad Man From Forks of Rough.

**Saw-Mill Hand Tries to Take the Old Town of Clover.**

**Succeeded in Making the Devil Get a Move on Himself.**

Cloverport had a taste of the wild west about 6:30 o'clock Friday evening.

A. W. Galloway, a saw-mill hand, who has been at work down the river, determined to give the old town a hot time and was very successful, although the old town resented his familiarity and gave him a dose of his own medicine.

Galloway, before he started in on his scene filled himself with mean whiskey. He then went to Charles Lishen's meat market and, pulling out a handful of cartridges and a pistol he said:

"How would you like a dose of these pills?"

Charlie, who has been sick, and who has had some experience with physicians, did not like the course of treatment prescribed and determined that if the man insisted on administering the leaden pellets, he had better forestall him by performing a surgical operation. Acting on impulse the brave butcher siezed a carving knife and ran he would be bad man out of the shop.

Galloway whooped and yelled as bad Indians do, when they are full of fire water, and Price Graham, the city marshal, decided he was indulging in too much levity for so dignified and solemn a town as Cloverport.

He started after Galloway and the latter got a Proctor Knott move on himself and lit out over the hill, hitting the ground in high places.

Clyde Morrison, the printer's devil in the News office, happened to be just behind the fleeing man and Clyde was hustling home to get supper early as he had to attend to some social duties in Cowheel that evening.

The fleeing man thought Clyde was the marshal and he fired several shots at the boy. Clyde got a move on himself in the other direction and literally burned the wind. It's the first time in the history of Cloverport where any other agency than a big revival meeting had got the devil on the run.

The city marshal in the meantime arrived on the scene and Galloway snapped his pistol twice at Mr. Graham. The marshal, who is patient and long suffering, did not dare to chance the fellow's third attempt and to save his own life he shot at Galloway.

The ball hit Galloway on the side of the skull but as the latter was as hard as sheet iron it plowed along outside the bone and made an ugly cut to the ear. The wound is several inches long.

The shock of being hit by the bullet knocked the man down but he was up in a few minutes and it required the united efforts of the marshal and a posse of four men to escort the prisoner to the jail. He seemed to be possessed of the spirit and strength of a demon.

He was guarded that night and on Saturday morning was taken before Police Judge Skillman to be tried on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He begged a continuance, as his physical condition was such that he could not stand trial. His request was granted and the case was continued until 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. His bond was placed at $250 in default of which he was placed in jail

On Monday, Judge Skillman, in justice to the prisoner, who was mentally and physically unfit for trial, continued the case until Tuesday. He reduced the bond to $100 in order to give the prisoner's friends a chance to bail him out and give him surgical and medical treatment at their homes. None appeared however, and Galloway is still in Jail.

The prisoner seemed a very desperate man. He is said to live near the Forks of Rough and his brother is said to have killed a man.

Rev. T. V. Joiner visited Galloway while he was in jail and ministered to his comfort as best he could. Galloway told the minister that he was filled with remorse and that if he got out of this trouble he would be a better man in future.

### Corporation With a Soul.

The "Henderson Route" is one of the whitest corporations in the country. It is good to its employes. It knew that the boys wanted Christmas money and it sent the "Katy" with Paymaster Bush and Mr. Lampkin over the lines in advance of pay-day. The road played Santa Claus. It is these acts of kindness and thoughtfulness that convinces the people that the L. H. & St. L. road is a corporation with a soul.

### Knocked Senseless.

Warren Burnett, of Glendeane, had a miraculous escape from death last week. While he was felling a tree a limb struck him on the head with such force as to render him unconscious. He was lucky to escape alive.

### Christmas Gift.

Mr. and Mrs Charles Tinius received the richest kind of a gift Christmas morning. It was a beautiful boy that weighed ten pounds. Mother, father and son are the happiest folks alive.

### BRISK TRADE.

**Christmas Business Eclipses All Former Records**

Holiday business all over the county broke all former records. The people spent money more freely than ever before. Irvington, Glendeane and Hardinsburg were filled with shoppers and the merchants, especially those that advertised, did land-office businesses.

In Cloverport, on Saturday, the holiday throng made our streets look like the thoroughfares of a great city.

The merchants all say that their Christmas business far exceeded the previous year. The crowds were such that the corps of clerks were scarcely large enough to serve them

John Vest said: "It would surprise you to know the change that has taken place in holiday buying. People who are out to buy gifts are purchasing common sense articles that are really useful and are appreciated. It is a healthy indication."

Fully 1,500 out-of-town people were on the streets of the city Saturday.

## IT'S NIP AND TUCK

### Between the Hustling Little Towns of Glendeane and Irvington,

**Trying to Head Each Other Off in the Big Ear Contest.**

Says the Glendeane correspondent to the News:

Last week in a moment of exultation I attempted grandiloquence in describing what I thought was the capital corn ear of the county. Proud little Irvington—justly proud, too—scattered my enthusiasm and flattened my hope. This time I say nothing; simply record Louis Ashley's words as he spoke them to me Saturday. He says, "There is a great deal being said about big corn just now; but I'm telling a fact when I tell you that we were shucking corn at Henry Overton's the other day when one of the boys found an ear with 30 rows and fifty-two grains to the row, making 1560 grains, forty-eight ahead of Senator Jolly's. Anybody can see the ear at Mr. Overton's. You tell them next week that, I all the time, feed bigger corn to my cows than the News has been talking about." The crowd laughed at the cow feeding part and Mr. Ashley didn't insist on their believing it, but he assures me that Mr. Overton has that 1560 grained ear for any one's inspection. Wonder if Irvington gathered any cherries Christmas, found any blue bird's nests, or has planted next year's gardens yet?

### Card of Thanks.

We were pleasantly surprised on last Thursday evening, by a large party of friends coming in and taking charge of our premises and severely pounding us, but nobody was hurt The evening was spent in a pleasant social way, lunch was served by them and enjoyed by all.

Their baskets and Uncle Alex's delivery wagon, which had been pressed into service, were all unloaded and filled our larder with good things, besides clothing and money, after which was conducted religious services and the friends departed, leaving us in a good humor. We highly appreciate their tokens of kindness. May God richly reward them.

Also we return thanks to our friends at Holt's chapel for a nice donation on Thanksgiving day and wish them God's benedictions.

T. V. JOINER AND WIFE.

### ENTERTAINED

**In Honor of Their Brave Soldier Boy.**

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moorman, of Glendeane, gave delightful entertainment Friday night in honor of their soldier boy, Henry Moorman, who has just returned from Porto Rico with the legion. A large number of guests were present and a splendid time was enjoyed.

### Mars and Cupid.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of 1st Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Hardaway of the 17th infantry U. S. A. to Miss Ethel Adkisson, of Columbus, O. Lieutenant Hardaway will in all probability be sent immediately to Manila as his regiment has had orders to prepare to move to that point. Lieutenant Hardaway's parents live at Guston.

### Christmas Wedding.

"Crout" Karman and Miss Iyvnette Kasey, of Rosetta, were united in marriage Sunday afternoon at 6 o'clock. Rev. Charles Priest officiated. The groom is a popular young man and the bride is the attractive daughter of C. W. Kasey. Congratulations.

### Graham—Keown.

Jesse Graham, of this city, a brakeman on the Henderson Route, and Miss Ada Keown, of Henderson, were married Saturday evening at Henderson. They will make their home in that city.


Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport; R. A. Shellman, Stephensport.


## FARMER'S INSTITUTE.

### Big Preparations Being Made For the Event.

**The Program is a Very Instructive and Entertaining One.**

IRVINGTON, KY, Dec. 26, 1898—EDITOR BRECKENRIDGE NEWS:—We farmers are looking with great interest to Jan. 3 and 4, 1899. As Breckenridge county is to be one of the few counties in Kentucky to be honored with a State Farmer's Institute during 1899. This meeting will be all that the name implies, a farmer's meeting and as some of the very best farmers in Kentucky live right here in Breckenridge and Meade county, we look for a very interesting meeting Hon. Lucas Moore, Commissioner of Agriculture, will be here with eight or nine of the best speakers that our state affords. We are going to try to give these gentlemen the best reception they will get in western Kentucky. Now, brother farmers the committee on table arrangements are preparing to have dinner on hands Wednesday and stay all day. So come out and bring your baskets well filled.

Farming is the best occupation a man ever engaged in, the earth is ours and the fullness thereof. Farmers come out, it will be to your interest to attend this Institute, as the object of us all is to learn how to contribute in every way we can to the reduction of the cost of production of all kinds of farm products.

He will do us good and build up anew our faith, hope and courage. Farming does not consist altogether in hard work, brute strength and pinching economy. You come out also Mr. Editor and bring your knitting and stay two whole days.

The following is the program for the association meeting:

LECTURERS.

An able corps of lecturers will be on hand, who will discuss subjects of interest to the farmers from a practical standpoint. Among others will be the following:

Prof. M. A. Scovell, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, who will talk of the work of the Station and what it is doing for the farmer,

Prof. H. Garman, Entomologist of the Station, who will talk on Insect and Fungus Diseases of the Crops.

Prof. Miller, Professor of Geology Kentucky A. and M. College, who will talk on Geology and its relation to Agriculture.

Prof. C. W. Mathews, Prof. of Horticulture Kentucky A. and M. College, whose subject will be the Garden and Orchard,

E. W. Robinson, of Missouri, an extensive breeder and feeder of swine, who will talk on the Care, the Feeding and the Breeding of the Swine,

C. M. Hanna will talk of Tobacco Culture and how to increase profits.

W. W. Stevens, of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, will talk of Fertilization for Wheat with Clover and Leguminous Plants.

D. W. Wilson, Dairy Expert, National Department of Agriculture. will lecture on "Dairying."

A Road Expert, National Department of Agriculture, will talk on highway improvement, or "Good Roads."

M. F. Johnson, President of Kentucky Horticultural Society, will lecture on "The Pleasures, the Profits, and the Possibilities of Fruit Growing in Kentucky."

A number of local speakers have been added to this list.

### ARRANGEMENTS MADE.

**Irvington Will Entertain Institute Attendants.**

At a preliminary meeting held in Irvington, Dec. 24th, 1898 for the purpose of arranging plans for conducting the Farmers' Institute to be held here on January 3rd and 4th 1899. Thos. J. Jolly was elected chairman and G. A. Foote, Sect. On motion of John L. Henry, a committee composed of J. R. Wimp, J. T. Lewis and G. A. Bailey were appointed to secure a house and make other arrangements necessary for the comfort and convenience of the Institute. One motion Chairman T. J. Jolly appointed a reception committee, composed of W. J. Piggott, John L. Henry and D. C. Heron.

On motion a committee of five were appointed on table arrangements, composed of F. H. McGhee, Richard S. Bandy, Jim King, Jesse L. Herndon and G. A. Foote. The meeting also voted to extend an invitation to the ladies to attend the Institute and appointed J. R. Wimp and D. C. Heron, a committee on musical arrangements. It was also moved and seconded that a copy of these minutes be sent to the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS and the Meade County Messenger for publication.

There being no further business before the house the meeting adjourned.


**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.


### THE REG'LAR ARMY MAN.

As a soljer he ain't no gold-laced Belvidere
Ter sparkle in the sun;
He don't parade with gay cockade,
Nor posies in his gun.
He ain't no pretty soljer boy, so lovely, spick and span,
He wears a coat of dusty tan,
The reg'lar army man,
The marchin', parchin', pipe-clay starchin'
Reg'lar army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday School,
Nor yet at social tea,
And on the day he gets his pay
He's apt to spend it free.
He ain't no temperance advocate,
He likes to rush can;
He's kind'er tough, an' maybe rough,
The rearin', tearin', sometimes swearin'
Reg'lar army man.

No State'll call him noble son,
He ain't no ladies' pet,
But let a row start anyhow,
They'll send for him, you bet.
He don't cut any ice at all in fashion's social plan.
He gets the job to face a mob,
The reg'lar army man,
The millin', drillin', made for killin'
Reg'lar army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him
When he goes off to war,
He gets no speech, nor prayerful preach
From Mayor or Governor;
He packs his little knapsack up and trots off in the van,
To start the fight, and start it right,
The reg'lar army man,
The rattlin', battlin', Colt or Gatlin'
Reg'lar army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,
He don't talk big or brave,
He knows he's in the fight to win
Or help fill up a grave.
He ain't no mamma's darlin', but he does the best he can,
An' he's the chap that wins the scrap,
The reg'lar army man,
The dandy, handy, cool and sandy
Reg'lar army man.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEWS BY FRANK MILLER, CO. G, 20 U. S. INFANTRY.]

### Large Congregation.

The Christmas services at the various churches last Sunday were very largely attended. The sermons were unusually impressive. The Catholic church was beautifully decorated and the singing at high mass was fine. The congregation was one of the largest ever.

### For Lieutenant Governor.

Col. J. S. R. Wedding, of Hartford, Ohio county, is being urged by his friends to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor.


CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WE ADD OUR

THANKS

To Our Many Wishes For

A Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

TO ALL!

THE FAIR,

Cloverport's Leading One Price House.

# BLACK DIAMONDS

Are very scarce but every Lump of

# Baskett Coal
# Is a Jewel.

That is the verdict of all housekeepers who use BASKETT COAL as a fuel. It's good points are numerous.

## IT'S AN ECONOMICAL COAL

For the reason that it gives more heat for the money than any other coal on the market. It makes a steady, lasting fire. Fill your stove or grate with it at night, close your drafts, and you've got a fire that lasts until morning. You do not have to use as much BASKETT COAL as you do others, because it has more substance and weight to it than the fast burning coal.

## IT'S A CLEAN COAL

The BASKETT COAL is clean. All good bituminous coal produces clinkers, so does the BASKETT, but it makes less clinkers and less ashes than most other varieties, and is, therefore an ideal grate or stove fuel.

## BASKETT COAL

Is a superb fuel for use in flouring mills, tobacco factories, saw mills and manufacturing plants.

**Special Prices in Carload Lots.**

*ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO*

# Pittsburg Coal Company,

**BASKETT, KY.**



## V. G. BABBAGE,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW.*

*Will Pracice in all he Cours in Breckenridge, Meade and Hancock Counties.*

Claims collected, Mortgages, Notes, Liens and other securities enforced and the money turned over promptly. Divorces secured. Depositions taken. Interest in estates carefully looked into. Contracts, Deeds and other legal papers type-written.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

OFFICES:

Over Gardner's Store, Hardinsburg. News Office, Cloverport.



# DON'S·PILE·CURE

## WHY SUFFER AGONY?

When DON'S COMPLETE PILE CURE is guaranteed to cure you. It is the discovery of an eminent physician.

**No Knife! No Interruption of Business!**

The first treatment brings immediate relief. It has cured thousands, and will cure you.

MR. T. S. WILCOX, prominent merchant, politician and chief of the Chattanooga Fire Department, says:

"After years of suffering, DON'S PILE OINTMENT was recommended to me. The use of one box effected a permanent cure. I voluntarily give you this statement, hoping it will be the means of bringing your wonderful remedy to the attention of others suffering with piles."

Price $1.00, Prepaid to any Address.

**DON CHEMICAL COMPANY,**
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

# CURES·PILES



## WHEN YOU NEED

Lumber, Paints and Oils.
Drills, Fertilizers, Wagons,
Buggies, Plows, Blount Wagons,
And anything in the Farm Machinery
and Implement Line, CALL ON

# R. S. BANDY,

IRVINGTON, KY.


### LOOKING BACK

**Twenty-Seven Years Ago—Items Culled From "The Cloverport Transcript"**

Price Graham operated a barrel factory.

J. W. Nichols was in the saloon business.

Pierce & Satterfield were among the principal merchants in those days.

Cloverport was the proud possessor of an excellent brass band in those days.

"Dr. R. W. Murray has sold the Haynes' hotel building on the corner of First an High streets to Dr. A. Bishop for the sum of $7,500."

Mr. Horace Smith, Lewisport, was challenged by Dr. R. L Newsom for a horse race at the Hardinsburg Fall Fair. The latter to run his horse "Telegraph" against the former's "Marshall Lee," for a single dash of one mile for two hundred dollars.

"Our gay and gallant young friend, Wick Moorman, has just effected a change of base. He now handles Dolly Vardens, ribbons and other bewildering wares (of which more blessed is he than be-wares, than she that wears them) at the firm of Walter Smart & Co."


### No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Short & Haynes' Drug Store.



### Closing Out at Cost.

I will begin Thursday 22nd closing out my entire stock of general merchandise at cost. This is no joke but a genuine, unvarnished fact. Come and be convinced. I have many nice articles for Christmas presents; such as a nice tea set of 56 pieces for $3 75, Bed room set, 9 pieces, $2 25. Meakin's plates, full size 35c set, Common 25c, Meakin's cups and saucers 35c set, Common 20c. Buy your mother, sister or daughter, a nice calico dress, the best 4c a yard. Ladies' fine, go to meeting shoes at $1 and up. Misses' fine shoes, 8 to 12, 85c., and 13 to 2, $1. Gents' fine shoes from $1 25 up. Arbuckles' coffee 10c per pack, green coffee 9c. to 15c. per pound. Everything cheap. Hats, dry goods, notions, tinware and so on. Come and see. Will begin tomorrow and continue. This sale will be for cash only.

A. X KINCHELOE,
Hardinsburg, Ky.



**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.** Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.


### Farm Notes.

American fertilizers were shipped abroad last year to the value of $4,460,000 compared with 1,255,000 in '98

Timothy hay, taking price into consideration, is one of the most unprofitable rough feeds for fattening cattle.

The National debt has been decreased from $69 26 per capita 30 years ago, or soon after the war, to 13.63 in '97.

Sorghum silage keeps well but owing to the woody stems which it usually contains it is not relished by stock and is often found unprofitable.

Hogs fattened upon corn usually make pork superior to that produced by any other feeds. Some buyers discriminate against hogs fed upon soft feeds. In a very few cases better prices are received for hogs given muscle forming feeds.

Marl reduces loss of nitrogen—In an ordinary uncovered manure heap, the loss of nitrogen during eleven days in a German test was 37 per cent, in a covered heap it was a little bit less. The addition of 30 per cent of marl to the manure reduced the loss of nitrogen more than 60 per cent.

Best production of fertilizer—It has been demonstrated in Georgia that the application of 468 pounds of good phosphate, 34 of muriate of potash and 286 of cottonseed meal per acre gave better financial results than any other proportions. Drilling the fertilizer was more profitable than applying broadcast.

One way to kill quack grass is to plow the ground in the fall, turning up the furrows as high as possible and let them lie in the rough until spring, then harrow and sow buckwheat. When this is in bloom, plow under and sow again, and plow under the last thing in the season. The following year the ground will be free from quack and ready for any crop desired to put on.


### The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Short & Haynes' drug store.


### For Keeping Fowls Free From Lice.

I have never had occasion to use any of the ordinary applications. The bottom or floor of my poultry house is made of cement upon which was originally placed about an inch of sawdust. The droppings were allowed to remain and accumulate and from time to time the surplus above an inch or two in depth was removed, but for some 20 years was never until this spring completely cleaned out. The constant scratching of the fowls has kept the floor covered from two to four inches deep with a very dry, dusty and fine layer in which the fowls delight to dust themselves in all weather. As a result I scarcely ever see a louse of any kind, and if a lousy fowl is introduced from abroad it is very soon relieved from the vermin. The house opens into my boiler house and is thus kept at a moderate temperature during the winter and the fowls can be seen dusting themselves nearly every day at all seasons. No sawdust or other material has been added from the beginning until this season, when the floor was entirely seen for the first time in many years and sawdust again used as a starter —[Dr. Jabez Fisner.]


### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


### Wheat vs Corn.

Messrs. Brooks and Smith of the Mass station are testing the merits of wheat and corn as exclusive food for laying hens. The trial is not yet complete, but the result so far, contrary to theory, seemed to favor the use of corn. Tests at the same station comparing cut bone and dried meat indicate that dried meat is a good substitute for the cut bone and is safer, because too liberal feeding of the cut bone proves injurious on account of the fat contained in it.

The WESTERN HORSEMAN, published at Indianapolis, Indiana, at $2.00 a year, and issued every Friday, stands at the head of Turf and Trotting and Pacing horse journals, is handsomely illustrated with pictures of noted horses and gives all the horse news from California to Maine. If at all interested in trotters or pacers subscribe for it. The great annual Souvenir number will be issued February 10, and will be worth more than the price of a year's subscription. It goes free to all subscribers—to others 25 cents per copy. By special arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to send the WESTERN HORSEMAN, $2.00 per year, and the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS $1.00 per year, both for $2.00 during the year 1899. Give us your order.


**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a great** medicine of intrinsic worth. It removes a cough or cold quickly and cures severe throat and lung affections in an astonishing short time. Sold by all druggists for 25 cts.

**One Minute Cough Cure, cures.**
That is what it was made for.



# A Happy and Prosperous New Year To All.

# E. A. WITT,

Hardinsburg, Ky.


### Wins Laurels as a Civil Engineer.

Deputy Circuit Clerk Chas, Stuart, of Owensboro, received a letter this morning from his brother, Mr. Alfred A. Stuart, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Stuart is an old Owensboro boy and is recognized as one of the most prominent civil engineers in the country. He has just completed a very large bridge in which was the deepest pneumatic work that he has ever undertaken. It was 108 feet below the water level with a caisson, the dimensions of the caisson being 63 by 79 feet and 53 feet high, carrying weight to the extent of 22,000 tons. When finished sinking two hundred and fifty men were required to man the work below the water, and a most singular thing, which very seldom occurs in the construction of large bridges, not a man was killed or otherwise injured.

Mr. Stuart has also under construction on the anchorage for the same bridge a large amount of stone work in which he has over 45,000 yards of cut stone masonry to lay. It will require about five hundred men to do this, including a large force that is at work at the quarry, about two hundred miles up the state. When this is finished it will be one of the largest pieces of bridge masonry in existence.—Owensboro Inquirer.

### Marvels of a Graphophone.

One of the wonders of the end of the century is the home Graphophone, that will reproduce any kind of music, or any sound. One can arrange a full program of the most attractive band, orchestral or vocal music and vary it every evening. On the Graphophone one can record the human voice or any sound, and reproduce it at once. You can keep the voices of your friends to be heard whenever you wish. Graphophones made for home entertainment can be bought as low as $10. Write for catalogue 30 to the COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH Co., No. 919 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.


Have you a cold? A dose of BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP at bed-time will remove it. Price 25 cents.—A. R, Fisher.

Most fascinating invention of the age. Always ready to entertain. It requires no skill to operate it and reproduce the music of bands, orchestras, vocalists or instrumental soloists. There is nothing like it for an evening's entertainment. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects, specially prepared in a laboratory, but the Graphophone is not limited to such performances. On the Graphophone you can easily make and instantly reproduce records of the voice, or any sound. Thus it constantly awakens new interest and its charm is ever fresh. The reproductions are clear and brilliant.

**Graphophones are sold for $10 and up**

Manufactured under the patents of Bell, Tainter, Edison and Macdonald. Our establishment is headquarters of the world for Talking Machines and Talking Machine Supplies. Write for catalogue.

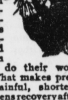
**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Dept. 30.**

919 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

New York. Paris. Chicago.
St. Louis. Philadelphia.
Baltimore. Washington. Buffalo



## For Mothers!



The discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

McELREE'S
# Wine of Cardui

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. $1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says:
"When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."



Safety. Comfort

# Louisville and Evansville
## Packet Line

Fast Mail Line Between,

## Louisville and Evansvill

STEAMERS.

**E. G. RAGON,**
F. M. Ryan, Master, W. A. Bishop Purser.

**TARASCON,**
D. L. Penny, Master, L. T. Conner, Purser.

**TELL CITY,**
R. H. Ballard, Master, W. B. Newbell, Purser

**P. D. STAGGS,**

Daily except Saturday between Louisville and New Amsterdam.

Freight shipped by this line, delivered quicker than by rail

Travelers will find the steamers are unsurpassed in equipment and accommodations. The best culinary are employed as cooks and the menu is equal to that of the best hotels.

General offices 176 and 178 4th Avenue Louisville.

D, L. PENNY, Supt. W. W. HITE, Pres.

C. V. WILLIAMS, T. P. A.
Owensboro, Ky



**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.


## Henderson Route.

**Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis R'y Co.**

Time Card in Effect Sept. 19 1898

| East Bound. | No. 42. | No. 4[illegible] | No. 46. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. St. Louis | | 7 56am | 8 55pm |
| " Evansville | 6 5[illegible]am | 2 20pm | 2 45am |
| " Henderson | 7 15 | 2 46 | 3 [illegible] |
| " Spottsville | 7 38 | 3 [illegible]7 | .... |
| " Owensboro | 8 18 | 3 44 | 4 00 |
| " Hawesville | 9 17 | 4 40 | 4 50 |
| " Cloverport | 9 45 | 5 03 | 5 10 |
| " Stephensport | 10 07 | 5 22 | .... |
| " Irvington | 10 45 | 6 03 | .... |
| " Brandenburg | 11 12 | 6 28 | .... |
| Arr Louisville | 12 35pm | 7 45 | 7 3[illegible] |

| West Bound. | No. 41. | No. 43. | No. 45. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. Louisville | 7 40am | 4 50pm | 8 30pm |
| " Brandenburg | 8 53 | 6 [illegible]9 | .... |
| " Irvington | 9 17 | 6 43 | .... |
| " Stephensport | 9 52 | 7 20 | .... |
| " Cloverport | 10 11 | 7 39 | 10 36 |
| " Hawesville | 10 35 | 8 04 | 10 58 |
| " Owensboro | 11 35 | 9 05 | 11 48 |
| " Spottsville | 12 17pm | 9 47 | .... |
| " Henderson | 12 40 | 10 10 | 12 5[illegible]am |
| " Evansville | 1 40 | 10 40 | 1 25 |
| Arr St. Louis | 7 32 | | 7 20 |

Nos 45 and 46 have Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant high-back seat Passenger Coaches, through between Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis without change.

H. C MORDUE, A. G. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

## L. H. & St. L. R'y, Fordsville Branch.

TIME TABLE No. 10.

TAKING EFFECT SEPT 19 1898

West Bound Trains — East Bound Train

| †No.3 | †No.5 | STATIONS | †No. 2 | †No. 4 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 45pm | 10 50am | Lv Irvington A | [illegible] | 5 45pm |
| 7 08 | 11 13 | Garfield | [illegible]35 | 5 20 |
| 7 19 | 11 24 | Harned | 8 24 | 5 09 |
| 7 28 | 11 3[illegible] | Hardinsburg | 8 1[illegible] | 5 00 |
| 7 45 | 11 50 | Kirk | 8 [illegible]1 | 4 46 |
| 7 52 | 11 57 | Jolly | [illegible]54 | 4 39 |
| 8 04 | 12 09pm | Glendeane | [illegible]4 | 4 27 |
| 8 [illegible]0 | 12 30 | ar FallsRough lv | 7 1[illegible] | 4 [illegible]0 |
| 8 55 | 12 55 | Rockvale | 6 [illegible]3 | 3 38 |
| 9 0[illegible] | 1 05 | Askins | 6 44 | 3 29 |
| 9 [illegible]8 | 1 [illegible]3 | Oaks | 6 36 | 3 21 |
| 9 15pm | 1 20 | [illegible] Fordsvill | 6 3[illegible]am | 3 1[illegible]pm |

† Daily

Trains 41, 42, 43 and 44 connect at Irvington with Trains Nos. 3 and 5 for points on Fordsville branch. Trains 2, 3, 4 and 5 run daily. Trains Nos. 2 and 4 connect at Irvington with Main Line trains 41, 42, 43 and 44

## Louisville, Henderson & St Louis R'y Co

**NO. 4.**

**TIME SCHEDULE**

Taking Effect

SEPTEMBER 19, 1898.

*West Bound Trains* — *East Bound Train*

| 43 Expr's Daily | 41 Mail & Expr's Daily | STATIONS | 42 Mail & Expr's Daily | 44 Expr's Daily |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| PM | AM | | PM | AM |
| [illegible]0 | 7 40 | lv.Un'n p't.. ar | 7 45 | 12 35 |
| 5 03 | 7 52 | Kentucky St. | 7 [illegible]0 | 12 20 |
| 5 37 | 8 21 | West Point | 6 50 | 11 50 |
| 5 40s | 8 24s | Howard | s6 5[illegible] | 11 45s |
| 5 48s | 8 31s | Willowdale | s6 45 | 11 35s |
| 5 [illegible]s | 8 37s | Rock Haven | s6 40 | 11 28 |
| 6 00s | 8 44s | Long Branch | 6 34 | 11 21 |
| 6 09 | 8 53 | Brandenburg | 6 26 | 11 12 |
| 6 18 | 9 01 | Ekron | 6 18 | 11 02 |
| 6 26 | 9 0[illegible] | Guston | 6 10 | 10 53 |
| 6 43 | 9 17 | Irvington | [illegible]3 | 10 45 |
| [illegible]51s | 9 24 | Webster | s5 50 | 10 37 |
| 6 59s | 9 32s | Lodiburg | s5 42 | 10 2[illegible] |
| 7 12s | 9 44s | Sample | s [illegible]30 | 10 15 |
| 7 20 | 9 52 | Stephensport | [illegible]22 | 10 07 |
| 7 24s | 9 56 | Addison | s[illegible]18 | 10 02 |
| 7 27s | 9 59 | Holt | [illegible]5 | 9 59 |
| 7 39 | 10 11 | Cloverport | [illegible]3 | 9 45 |
| 7 54 | 10 25 | Skillman | s[illegible]49 | 9 27 |
| 8 04 | 10 35 | [illegible] forCanltn&TellCy | [illegible]0 | 9 17 |
| 8 12 s | 10 43 | [illegible] | s[illegible]33 | 9 05s |
| 8 18 s | 10 49 s | [illegible] | s [illegible]8 | 9 03s |
| 8 27 | 10 58 | Lewisport | [illegible]19 | 8 54 |
| 8 33 s | 11 04 s | Waitman | s 13 | 8 47s |
| 8 42 s | 11 13 | [illegible] for Rockport, Ind | [illegible]04 | 8 38 |
| 9 05 | 11 35 | Owensboro | 3 44 | 8 18 |
| 9 1[illegible]s | 11 46 s | Mattingly | s3 [illegible]3 | 8 07s |
| 9 21s | 11 5[illegible] s | Stanley | 3 26 | 7 58 |
| 9 32s | 12 02 s | Worthington | s[illegible] 20 | 7 52 |
| 9 [illegible]9s | 12 09 s | Reads | s3 13 | 7 45s |
| 9 47s | 12 17 | Spottsville | 3 07 | 7 38 |
| 9 54s | 12 24 | Bassett | 3 01 | 7 31 |
| 10 10 | [illegible]2 40 | [illegible] | 2 46 | [illegible]15 |
| 10 40 | 1 15 | ar Evansville lv | 2 2[illegible] | 6 [illegible]0 |
| PM | [illegible]40 | lv Evansville ar | 1 [illegible]8 | AM |
| .... | 2 [illegible]6 | Carmi | 12 38 | .... |
| .... | 3 14 | Enfield | 12 [illegible]6 | .... |
| .... | 3 37 | McLeansboro | 11 40 | .... |
| .... | 4 30 | Mt Vernon, Ill | 10 47 | .... |
| .... | 5 00 | Ashley | 10 10 | .... |
| .... | 6 40 | Belleville | 8 46 | .... |
| .... | 7 12 | ar E St Louis lv | 8 14 | .... |
| .... | 7 32 | ar St. Louis lv | 7 56 | .... |
| | PM | | AM | |

Nos 41 and 44 have elegant high-back seat Passenger Coaches and Parlor Car service through between Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis without change.

Nos. 42 and 43 have Parlor Cars and elegant Coaches between Louisville and Evansville without change.

H. C. MORDUE, A. G. P. A.,
Louisville Ky.

## B. & O. S-W. R'Y.

**TIME TABLE.**

Trains leave Louisville as follows:

B. & O. S. W. RAILWAY—Cincinnati and the East; St. Louis and the West:

| | No. 20 | No, 16. | No. 18. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. Louisville | 2 35am | 8 23am | 2 45pm |
| Ar. Cincinnati | 6 45am | 11 55am | 6 05pm |
| Ar. Columbus | 11 15am | 5 55pm | 11 05pm |
| Ar. Pittsburg | 8 25pm | | 7 25am |
| Ar Washington | | 6 50 am | 11 20am |
| Ar. Baltimore | | 7 50am | 1 20pm |
| Ar. Philadelphia | | 10 15am | 3 40 pm |
| Ar. New York | | 12 30n'n | 5 55pm |
| Ar. Boston | | 3 00pm | 9 05pm |

Nrain No. 16 has elegant Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Cincinnati, and Drawing-room Sleeper and dining cars Cincinnati to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York without change.

Train No. 18 has elegant Pullman Parlor Car to Cincinnati and Pullman Drawing-room and dining cars Cincinnati to New York without change.

Train No. 20 has sleepers to Cincinnati, open at 9 o'clock to receive passengers.

**St. Louis, Springfield and the West.**

| | No. 20. | No. 16. | No. 44 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. Louisville | 2 35am | 8 23am | 8 20pm |
| Ar. St. Louis | 12 30n'n | 6 40pm | 7 12am |
| Ar, Springfield | | 8 40pm | 9 33am |

North Vernon accomodation leaves at 7 15 a. m. daily.

Charlestown accommodation leaves at 5 30 p. m, except Sunday.

Trains Nos. 16, 20 and 44 have elegant day coaches Pullman parlor and sleeping cars to St. Louis.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

From East—7 25 a. m., 12 15 noon, 6 40 p. m., 12 25 a. m., 3 20 a. m.

From West—7 25 a. m., 12 15 p. m., 6 40 p. m.

City Ticket office, southeast corner Fourth and Main streets. Depot Seventh and river.

For detail information regarding rates, time on connecting lines sleeping, parlor, dining cars, etc. address R. S. BROWN,
District Pass. & Ticket Agent, B. & O. S-W. Ry
4th and Main, Louisville, Ky
or J. M. CHESSBROUGH,
General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohi
G. B. WARFEL, Assistant
General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohi


# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.


W HEN DOES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEWS EXPIRE?

# INSOMNIA

**"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented."** THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 316

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.



BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1898.


### House Burned.

John Estasy, Tobinsport, Ind, lost his dwelling by fire last Thursday. He saved all of his household goods Origin supposed to be from a defective flue. No insurance.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia, This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours, Sold by A. R Fisher, Cloverport; R. A. Shellman, Stephensport.

### Falls of Rough Reached.

The lines of the Fordsville Telephone company have been completed as far as the Falls of Rough and are in operation to that point. The wires are up for the Ohio county Telephone company from Fordsville to Hartford.

### FOR PNEUMONIA

Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich. says: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia the past month with good results." A. R. Fisher, Cloverport; R. A. Shellman, Stephensport; E. A. Witt, Hardinsburg.

### Pistol Tournament,

The pistol club was out last Wednesday afternoon for an hour or so of sport. Those who comprise the club are Geo. Graham, John Hall and Ether Hall. They all took each fifteen shots. Geo. Graham won the honors by making six shots out of fifteen, John Hall secured one, while Ether just burnt the air with his loads.

The disposition of children largely depends upon health. If they are troubled with worms they will be irritable, cross, feverish, and perhaps seriously sick. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE is a worm expeller and tonic to make them healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts.—A R. Fisher.

### Rocky Run School.

The following is the fourth monthly report of district No. 22: Mary De Jarnett, 98 6; Gideon Squires, 68 2; Helen DeJarnett, 97.3; Vera Squires, 96; Anna Flood, 96.2; Sarah Flood, 95 8; John Flood, 95; Lenard May, 94 9; Nellie Miller, 94 2; Bernard Elder, 94; Percy Huston, 94; Andrew Squires, 93.2; Ben Wilson, 93.2; Allie Squires, 92 2; James Cullen, 91.6.

The attendance is small but great interest is manifested by those who do attend. It takes boys and girls of great determination to go through such weather to school in the country. So I feel like speaking a word of encouragement to those who come so regularly.

ELLEN M. STITH, Teacher.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to taste.—Short & Haynes.

### SOLON TO MARRY.

#### Hon. R. E. Watkins to Wed Miss Lancaster—Other Weddings,

License to marry was issued from the county clerk's office late Wednesday afternoon to Mr. R. E. Watkins and Miss Emma Lancaster. Mr. Watkins is the representative of the county district of Daviess county in the Kentucky legislature. He is a member of the law firm of Yost, Clark & Watkins, and is a young man of excellent standing. Miss Lancaster is a young lady of good family and has a wide circle of friends in the community in which she resides. She has made her home with the family of Mr. W. H. Harrison, in the county, for several years past. The young couple will make their future home in Owensboro.—Owensboro Messenger.

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will prove a** quick and sure cure for croup, Mothers, when your children are attacked with that dreadful disease, you can depend on this marvelous remedy. It never fails to cure at once. Price 25c.

A Wisconsin millionaire after sixteen years of failing to sleep has died. He must have been a peculiarly constructed human.

### LOST

Many have lost confidence and hope as well as health, because they have been told their Kidney disease was incurable, Foley's Kidney Cure is a Guaranteed remedy for the discouraged and disconsolate.—A. R. Fisher, Cloverport; R A. Shellman, Stephensport; E. A. Witt, Hardinsburg.

**DeWitt's Little Early Risers,**
**The famous little pills.**

### WOLF CREEK.

Last week was an ideal winter time.

Ras Tarlton, from Little Bend, was in town Saturday.

Stuart Owings, the grocery drummer, came home Thursday.

Miss Joe Curl, a charming young lady is stopping with Mrs. Pink Chism.

Mrs. Robert Kelly who has been sick for quite awhile is very much improved

Mrs. John Sheokells, from Spotsville, is with her mother, Mrs. Connor, who is very ill.

Davis Cunningham was here last week smiling and shaking hands with our merchants.

Miss Susie Elder who is teaching school at Louse Corner, is expected home to spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs S. J. Elder.

Laurence Owings and Bob Elder come in town every night after supper. "Lots" of pretty girl from the country here last week.

John Robert Smith and his bride (nee Miss Rebecca Owing) are at the Kelly Hotel, where the groom has beautifully furnished rooms

Mrs. Lambert and daughter are preparing to make a lengthy visit to Kenton county. We will miss then very much, they are always so cheery, we hope for them a pleasant time and a safe return.

Jesse Smith, who went to Texas in September to visit his uncle, Dr. George Smith writes back often and says he thinks Paris is a good place but there is no place like old Kentucky. Jesse is a great home boy and we all miss him.

Christmas is at hand, the happiest time of all the year, the time when our deeper joys are supplemented by lighter ones. If only those made merry who had no heartache, the echo of the laugh would be lost to the world, while if every one wore a Christmas face who could count some blessing, tears would be forgotten for one day at least. We hope every one in this broad land of ours will feast whether our fare be rich or meagr. Let us be gay with the children, let us forget cares, even sorrows. Scatter what happiness we can among those of our own and send forth to the world at large a warm, a hearty, a loving wish for a "Merry Christmas."

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Inactive Liver, and clear the Complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea—Short & Haynes.

### DUKES.

Health good once more.

Everybody is eating candy this week.

About all of the tobacco of this place have been delivered.

Mrs. Maggie Campbell is confined to her bed with rheumatism.

Mrs. Eliza Burnett is fast recovering from a spell of typhoid fever.

Rev. W. B. Snead is carrying on a protracted meeting at this place.

We expect ere the holidays have gone to hear the sweet chimes of weddings in our midst.

Charles Nichols, wife and children, of Caney Creek, is spending Christmas with relatives here.

The young people rendered some splendid vocal music at the home of your correspondent Thursday night

A happy Christmas to the editor, correspondents and readers of the NEWS and may the year 1899 bring happiness and prosperity to all.

A cough is not like a fever. It does not have to run a certain course. Cure it quickly and affectually with One Minute Cough Cure, the best remedy for all ages and for the most severe cases. We recommend it because it's good.—Short & Haynes.

### THE GOLDEN AGE.

There are no days like bygone days,
So thinks the senile heart,
No ways there are like ancient ways,
None now such bliss impart;
For when the vision back is cast
It sees a golden age.
That heart then sighs for all the past
And deems the action sage.

The brightest days are coming days,
Affirms the youth in glee,
And on the future is his gaze
While present moments flee.
The golden age is yet to beam
Before his eager mind,
And thus his thoughts with luster gleam
As they their views unbind.

But to the sensual epicure
The olden age is now.
With plenty near his joy is sure,
And pleasure crowns his brow.
Within the present days he tries
To taste the chiefest good,
Asserting that the rich and wise
Are those supplied with food.

The true philosophy is found
In looking up and on
Away from sordid, earthly ground
Toward everlasting dawn.
The better life beyond us lies,
Declares the sacred page,
And those who look with faith lit eyes
Discern the golden age.

—Rev. W. H. Bancroft in Philadelphia Ledger.

### A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The holidays are fast approaching. If you have a friend you are going to remember on Christmas, what would be more appropriate as a gift than a fine Oxford Teacher's Bible, bound in morocco. You can get such a Bible, with the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS for one year for $2.50. You can't buy the Bible at retail for less than $2.50 anywhere in the world. By this arrangement you practically get the NEWS free for one year.

The Child's Bible, a beautiful work for children, and the NEWS or one year for $2.00.

Appreciation

THE NEWS, as a gift for the New Year would be appreciated. Isn't there someone you can send it to?

### A PARALLEL.

Sometimes adown the city street,
Where beauty's a forgotten thing,
The voice of some lone bird thrills sweet
With tidings of the faroff spring

So, in my heart, when all is dark
And patience sickens to despair,
Hope flutters like a prison'd lark
And pours her rapture on the air.

I cannot tell why this should be
While sorrow's cup is yet to drain,
And every pleasure comes to me
Like storm strewn roses, flaw'd with pain.

But we are one, the bird and I,
In suffering and yearning one;
With memories that cannot die
Of flow'rs, blue ocean and the sun.

—Pall Mall Gazette

## FAYETTE'S VIOLIN.

We had been discussing all kinds of ghostly and occult subjects that evening, Thompson and I, until the fire had dwindled away into a pile of gray ashes and Uncle Joshua had apparently fallen asleep Thompson was a Theosophist and I a Presbyterian, so some of our tilts were of the liveliest sort. I had just delivered myself of a coup of peculiar poignancy, so I thought, when Uncle Joshua suddenly opened his eyes, stretched in his good, old fashioned way and said:

"I'm not up on karmas, astral bodies and such, as you boys seem to be, but before we all turn in I want to tell you a ghost story of my own—one whose truth I can personally vouch for."

Thompson and I filled our pipes and Uncle Joshua hitched forward his chair and began:

"Once upon a time away down in Georgia there lived a towheaded little Cracker. There were several distinguishing features about him. He neither dipped snuff nor ate clay, and he had a marvelous command of the violin. Day after day, while his brothers and sisters were making pretense at work or idling their time away in the neighboring village, he spent by himself in the lonely pine woods playing, always playing. He had never heard music other than that the negroes made, but to him the wind in the pines was filled with harmony, and at night, when the rain pattered on the roof over his little bunk, he dreamed of vast audiences and storms of applause.

"In his character of recluse, as years drew on, he came to be regarded as gifted with magical powers. He never played in public. He never even played for their dances. But they said he played for the birds and other wild things, and that he could make them do whatever he wished with the power of his music. However true this may be, it is a fact that he caught fish while others caught none. And on still days, just before a storm perhaps, when even insects were quiet, the strains of his violin would float up from the river bottoms, sweet and clear and wonderfully sad. Then all who heard it would stop whatever they were doing and listen. Even the babies would stop their crying and field hands would swear no more that afternoon.

"The boy and his violin were never apart. Wherever he went he carried it with him, and when he slept it lay at his side. No mother was ever more considerate of her child than he was of it.

"The violin, in spite of its humble surroundings, was a beautiful instrument. Several attempts had been made to sell it, but luckily the rich planters of the region, who were the moneyed class, knew nothing of its value or did not care. The boy had received the instrument from his father. His father had inherited it, so it was said, from his own mother, to whom some lineal ancestor had given it. Crackers do not care much for pedigrees, but there was a sort of dim tradition in the family that they had not always been Crackers—that long, long ago, in the early days, they had been rich and influential. But now of all their forgotten wealth the violin only was left.

"One evening when he returned to his cabin after a day spent as usual in the wildwood, he found his family in what for them was a state of excitement. They had been in arrears for their rent goodness knows how long, but now their landlord told them it was pay or go. They could move their scant belongings easily enough, but where to go and what to do confronted their simple minds like an insurmountable barrier.

"The boy listened in silence to all that they told him. Silently he ate his pone and sweet potato. Then he washed himself and put on his shoes.

"The family looked in stolid silence while he made his preparations. Only his mother asked him where he was going, and to her he made no answer, they say, only to go up and kiss her. Mighty little kissing the Crackers do, but they were used to his peculiar ways and thought nothing of it."

Uncle Joshua looked at us sharply over his spectacles to see if we were following him and continued:

"Well, he showed up in Atlanta that night, he and his violin, about 9 o'clock. He was tired and hungry and thirsty and lonely, for he had walked all the way from his cabin, 12 miles away, and his heart was in his throat, too, I fancy, for he had never been in such crowds before, and he had come determined to earn enough money to pay the rent.

"Timidly at first and with hands that trembled he began to play, but as he felt the caress of the violin against his cheek and its voice responded to his touch his heart grew stronger. His eyes closed and his spirit was again among the sweet gum and pine. He was standing in a shadow near the entrance to a big hotel, and at first his music attracted no attention. Several gentlemen were sitting on the hotel porch, it happened, chatting about cotton and other matters, and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. Suddenly one of them exclaimed: 'Who in the world is that playing the violin? It's beautiful.' They all listened. It was a wonderful melody they heard, quivering, flashing, full of fire, and yet through it all a sort of yearning, unspeakable melancholy. None of them moved. They were fearful of losing a note.

"A crowd had gathered about the musician by this time, staring and listening with open mouths and bated breath. And so they would have remained all night, I suppose, but a heavy faced villain of a policeman, with more authority than soul, shouldered into the crowd and told the boy to move on.

"Now, my brother William," said Uncle Joshua, "is something of a violinist himself. He was one of the party on the hotel porch, and no sooner had the policeman stopped the concert than up he got and ran after the strange musician like a boy after a circus parade.

"Billy had been over in Paris the winter before and while there had stumbled on to a lot of music by an old French composer whom the world had never discovered, by the name of Francois Fayette. This Fayette, my brother told me, had come to the city a century or two before from somewhere in the south of France, with a lot of music he had composed, and then disappeared. His music had lain undisturbed in the garret of an old building many years and from thence had passed into the hands of a dealer in old manuscripts, and it was from him William secured it.

"Now, it seems that the piece William had heard the musician play that night was one of these identical compositions by the forgotten Fayette. He had always thought it a marvelously sweet little composition, even when he played it himself. But as he had heard the stranger render it it was a dream and a revelation.

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that after much urging and pleading William managed to bring the boy home with him that night. After we had fed him and he had rested and told us his story, not without a great deal of tactful questioning on our part, he finally took his violin and began to play.

"Ah," said Uncle Joshua softly, as he sank back into his chair and closed his eyes, "I cannot tell you how he played. Even I had tears in my eyes that I couldn't keep back. And still his selections were always from the compositions of the misty Fayette. Where had he learned them? He could not tell us. It was all in his heart, he said. It was the music that had come to him from murmuring pines and rippling streams, and some of it, he said, was what he heard on stormy nights.

"He played far into the night for us, and then next morning we had one of our darkies hitch up and take him home. William had given him enough money for his rent, and the boy promised a speedy return.

"A week passed, and then another week. With his absence the wonder his playing had aroused in us increased. Indeed, we almost came to doubt the reality of it all. Where had he ever heard the music of Fayette? Indeed, how could he have ever heard it at all? He could not be an impostor. The mystery could not be explained away on the grounds of mere coincidence.

"We were on the point of driving out to the boy's cabin to hear him play again, when one morning, bright and early, a tall and lanky youth, carrying an oblong bundle under his arm, came up to the door of our house and inquired for William. He and I were eating breakfast at the time, and the stranger, evidently a Cracker, was ushered in.

"'Be you all the gentleman ez give Bub the rent money?' he inquired, addressing William. William said that he was. 'Well, Bub, he's dead, en he sent you all this fer to remember him by.' We learned little more. The boy had died two days before from no apparent cause. His last request was concerning the violin.

"Two months later, when autumn was well on and the nights were becoming chilly, William and I were sitting before the fireplace one evening talking about the boy who had played such wonderful music. William was holding the violin in his lap, idly examining the workmanship. Suddenly I saw him draw the violin up and look closely at the head. 'There's a name or something,' he said, 'on this little shell plate that I've never noticed. By Jove, what if'— He jumped up and held the violin close to the light. It was hanging over his shoulder on the instant. And there, very faint, but clear enough in the strong light to be read, engraved in fine French script, was a name that sent our hearts a-leaping like mad. Boys, the name on the violin was that of Francois Fayette."—Denver News.

**Dr Bull's Cough Syrup cures any** case of bronchitis, lung affection and grippe. Physicians prescribe this reliable remedy, and druggists recommend it; because it never fails to cure, and costs but 25 cents a bottle.

### Three Layers of Atmosphere.

It appears that in the atmosphere there are practically three distinct currents of air, the first lying at an elevation of from 900 to 1,500 meters, the second at from 2,500 to 4,000 meters and the upper one at from 6,000 to 8,000 meters above the surface of the earth. These are, to an extent, separate currents, flowing each with its own velocity At the bottom of each of the layers the stratus clouds are formed, and at the top of each of the layers occur the cumulus clouds. This suggests that the stratus originate at the bottom of a moving current and the cumulus at the top. It is probable, then, that the stratus owe their origin to the difference in velocity and temperature of the two layers, while the cumulus are formed by ascending currents within the layer of air.—Professor F. H. Bigelow.

There are few ailments so uncomfortable as piles, but they can easily be cured by using TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT. Relief follows its use, and anyone suffering from piles cannot afford to neglect to give it a trial. Price 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts.—A. R Fisher.

### Pulling Off Hats.

"I have not yet lived 1,000,000 years," said Mr. Goslington, "but so far I observe that there is one form of play that all boys have alike during a considerable period of their youthful existence. This consists in pulling off other boys' hats and throwing them in the street. The desire, or impulse, to do this comes at a very early age, and it remains in the boy until he is pretty well grown.

"It is not unusual to see a boy 10 or 12 years old, or even older than that, pull off another boy's hat, usually in such instances the hat of a smaller boy, and throw it away. Here the act is intended to be annoying and exasperating, and it is a pretty mean thing for the big boy to do, but little boys do this thing just out of sheer playfulness." New York Sun.

Soothing, healing, cleansing, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure Piles. You may rely upon it.—Short & Haynes.

### American Soldiers in Manila.

Their brief experience in actual warfare established a notabble fact. It proved them courageous, decent, high minded soldiers, worthy of every confidence and cheerful in all circumstances. If the laurels they have gained are small in comparison with those which rewarded the heroism of their comrades at Santiago, they are none the less honorable, for no men could have endured more or worked harder than they or have shown more valor.—Cor. London Times.


CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

## CLOVERPORT HIGH SCHOOL

Our School has been newly graded, a proper system of discipline established, and the school put upon a permanent basis.

We have the best equipped, most convenient and most commodious school building in this part of the State. The members of our faculty are all experienced and enthusiastic teachers.

Our educational facilities are therefore equal to those of any other town in this part of the State. Parents who contemplate sending their children away to school will consult their own interest as well as that of their children by investigating the merits of our school before sending them elsewhere.

Our music Department in charge of Miss Annie May, and Miss Lula Owen is a prominent feature of the school. These ladies have had special training in their preparation for their chosen profession as teachers of instrumental music, and all who put themselves under their charge, may expect to make the best progress that is possible under thoroughly competent teachers. Thorough instructions and drill given in all departments, including, Primary, Common School, Academic and Teachers' Departments.

Besides the regular classes in Higher Mathematics, Latin, and the sciences; at the beginning of the winter and spring terms, we will organize a Teacher's training class for the benefit of those who may wish to prepare themselves for examination for a County or State Certificate, or for a State Diploma We know just how to prepare you for examination. Hence, if you wish to raise the grade of your certificate, and to increase your teaching ability, join our class and get the benefit of our long experience in teaching and school discipline.

Schools were hard to get last year, but will be harder to get next year. The time has come when trustees recognize the importance of employing competent teachers. Hence, you must prepare yourself or retire from the profession. But do not go away to some so-called Normal school, that is a mountain in display, but a mole hill in merit. We can give you individual attention Board, Tuition and Instrumental music at reasonable rates Vocal music free to all pupils. Send for catalogue.

S. E. HANCOCK,
Principal and Business Manager, Cloverport, Ky.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF

## BRECKENRIDGE NORMAL COLLEGE,

HARDINSBURG, KY.

GREETING. | A Merry Christmas. A Happy New Year. Progress in Education.

BUILDING—Four rooms, two halls, well lighted and heated, comfortable chairs, good blackboards.

INSTRUCTORS—Instrumental and vocal music, Miss Kate Eskridge; preparatory course, Miss Fannie Hurst; scientific course, J. H. B. Logan; teachers' course, a graduate both of a Normal school and a University.

OFFICERS—The five affable directors, who are interested in the institution, live here, and are ever ready to give any legitimate aid or assistance. The county superintendent and examiners, whom you may consult at any time, live here.

LIBRARIES—In addition to the College library you have access to the county teachers' library in the county superintendent's office.

CERTIFICATES—A certificate of promotion will be given to anyone completing any prescribed course. A county or State certificate can be obtained by anyone who completes these courses. Our patrons received satisfactory grades last year. Some of our last year pupils now hold State certificates.

DIPLOMAS—Diplomas will be given those who complete the second year scientific course. Teachers who wish to prepare for State Diplomas can do so here cheaper than at other schools.

EXAMINATIONS—Frequent written examinations are held in every course, and especially in the teachers', in order that they may put up good papers on the final examination for certificates,

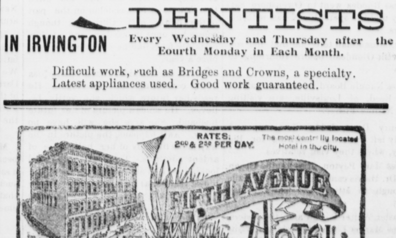
TERMS—Eight dollars per term of ten weeks. "The laborer is worthy of his hire" When you get just what you want you are willing to pay for it. When you engage in business or in teaching you want your salary commensurate with your ability.

WHEN TO ENTER—Any month of the term, any week of the month, any day of the week. Come now!

Procrastination is the thief of time. The B. N. College has a host of friends in this and adjoining counties who are pleased to know that ample provisions have been made for thoroughness in any course that may be chosen in this the oldest, the best, and the greatest Educational College in this section of the State.


JAMES W. LYONS
WITH PLANTERS' HOUSE,
PHELPS & CO., Managers,
Northeast Corner Eleventh and Main Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
DAILY AUCTION SALES. FOUR MONTHS' STORAGE FREE.
RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE. RESERVE BID TO SELLER.

F. R. WILDER, 628½ Fourth St., Louisville, Ky. J. M. HARDIN, Brandenburg, Ky
HARDIN & WILDER,
DENTISTS
IN IRVINGTON Every Wednesday and Thursday after the Fourth Monday in Each Month.
Difficult work, such as Bridges and Crowns, a specialty.
Latest appliances used. Good work guaranteed.




J. T. F. OWEN
—WITH—
PICKETT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
C. A. BRIDGES & CO., Proprietors.
Cor. Eighth and Main Sts., - Louisville, Ky.
CHAS. A. BRIDGES. W. G. BRIDGES.
Four Months Storage Free. Not in ... John Atkinson,

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

JNO. D. AND V. G. BABBAGE, Editors and Proprietors.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1898.

EIGHT PAGES.

## A TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

The passing of the old year makes it natural to review the progress or failures we have made during the past twelve months. The editor of the NEWS, in common with all mankind, feels the desire to take his friends, the readers of his paper, into his confidence and talk shop with them.

We feel very much satisfied with the year 1898. It has been a good year to us, notwithstanding the fact that it brought its crosses and its vexations of spirit. The NEWS has continued to grow in favor, and it has merited the honor of being called the best county paper in Kentucky, which practically means the best county paper in the country. We feel that our efforts to provide a good paper for our readers have been appreciated, as all our old subscribers have stayed by us and new ones have been added to our list.

The NEWS is now an excellent paper, but from this on it will keep growing handsomer in appearance, and newsier and more entertaining in its reading.

The paper will continue to draw the line and will exclude from its columns all that is not fit to print. It will be independent in its politics, and will endeavor to be fair and unbiased in its utterances. It will discuss all public questions from the highest and most patriotic standpoint that its editor's abilities will allow. In the discussion of questions of local policy and expediency it will align itself always on the side of the public good.

This is a great era. It is an era of expansion. People's minds and ideas must expand. The days of contraction, of narrowness and bigotry are passed. We live in the broadest age, in the largest times that the world has known outside the era of Christ. His word and works are just finding their best fruition, and it behooves us all to adapt ourselves to the new conditions that have arisen.

Let us all work in harmony. Let us be more kindly in our dealings with each other. Let us forget differences of the past, and let our treatment of each other in the future make amends for the wrongs of the past.

Let us start the new year with our hearts rejoicing at the prosperous outlook. Let us start resolved to do the best we can to promote the best interests of ourselves and our neighbors.

The merchants have discovered the splendid value of the NEWS as an advertising medium, and have used its columns liberally. They have reaped rich rewards, and we look for them to continue their progressive and up-to-date advertising.

The readers of a paper make the paper. It is just what they want it to be. If the NEWS is the best paper of its class in the country, then it is logical that its readers are the best people of their class in the country. Their class, by the way, is first class. Those who are not now on our subscription list should hasten to get on, for every paper they miss reading from now on will be a gem they have failed to acquire.

Get in the NEWS band wagon. It will be pleasant, entertaining and instructive riding. You will get to know your town, your county, your country, and the world, better than you ever knew it before.

The round trip only costs a dollar.

## GLENDEANE.

Hon Tice Jolly was in town Saturday.

Sidney Owen went to Louisville Friday.

Miss Irene Board is at home for the week.

Paul Dempster will visit Fordsville this week.

Mrs. James Moorman continues quite poorly.

"Satisfactory holiday trade," our merchants say.

Mr. George Willis went to Hardinsburg Saturday.

Miss Monna Hunter arrived Friday for the holidays.

Jake Lisher and family are visiting relatives at Short Creek.

Glen Moorman and Jim Deane went to Cloverport Thursday.

"Gen. Grant" Moorman is braking on the freight for a few days.

Miss Emma Lou Moorman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Crider, in Fordsville.

Miss Amanda and Charlie Dean returned from Louisville Saturday night.

Jesse Rhodes went to Owensboro Saturday night to spend his Xmas. with his sisters.

Mr. Musselman tells me that his son will visit Glendean before returning to Cuba.

Miss Nannie Board, of Garfield, and a Mrs. Reed, of Louisville, are visiting Miss Nannie Fisher.

Henry Darst, bridge foreman, and family left Saturday morning for Big Clifty, where they visit relatives.

Miss Mary Peyton, Miss Jennie Green and Dr. Harris came up from the Falls of Rough to attend the party Friday night.

Master Walter Powell and two sisters, Misses Martha Lou and Viola, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Jack Howard, Fordsville.

Sheriff Burton and Hon. J. P Haswell came down Friday expecting to attend court, but squire Moorman was sick and unable to preside.

Rod Mattingly and family went to Hardinsburg Sunday. They will visit a few days, while he goes to West View neighborhood to hunt.

Lum Smith, one of our good citizens, have traded farms with John Oller, of Short Creek The men will move to [illegible]r new homes this week.

[illegible] Claus was up to his standard of [illegible] time, while the gift giving [illegible] seem unusually large. [illegible]pensive gifts were [illegible] IRVING[illegible] [illegible]t he sold [illegible] teach-ers who treated their pupils. Some of us remember when we used to think the treating worth the rest of the school.

John Babbage, editor of the NEWS, was here Friday. He had to return to Cloverport at night, but our busy town in holiday attire, was too much. He came back Saturday and looked his admiration for hustling and hustlers.

Jimmy Maxwell, one of Glendean's bright, ambitious, hustling boys, came up from Olaton to visit his father's family Christmas. He leaves this week for Memphis, Tenn., to enter a medical school. A future is before Jimmy, and here's a world of good wishes to him.

They say that a Glendeane bachelor, too busy all his life to get married, is now on the road to matrimony. You will guess it's John Deane, and likely you're right, for I am not told who it is. But there is Buck Moorman, Ernest Robertson, Vick Robertson, Frank Deane and others. May the coming year bring good luck to all of them!

We recently heard a good man say, "My wife can smell whisky a hundred yards and has her suspicions every time she smells it." Well, the men themselves smell it from afar and too often there's a cause for suspicion on the part of the better half. Christmas though comes but once in 365 days, and a fellow certainly feels like he might be excused once a year.

One of our bonniest young ladies has been consulting an astrologer, He reads her future which she verily believes. He sends a picture of her future husband, She says she will have no other. As it happens, the picture in no way looks like any of her half score of ardent admirers. They are a dejected looking set and are passing through the bluest Christmas they ever saw. Astrologers, with all your knowledge of the future, you little know the present, or you'd never be heartless enough to give such dispair.

**Twenty Years Proof.**

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

**"Can't do without them"**

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

**Tutt's Liver Pills**

**Vigor Verdicts**

*AYER'S HAIR VIGOR fulfills all the promises made for it, is the verdict of those who have tried it.*

**Ayer's**

"I have sold AYER'S HAIR VIGOR for fifteen years and do not know of a single case where it did not give entire satisfaction."—F. M. GROVE, Faunsdale, Ala.

**Hair**

"When disease caused my hair to fall out, I found AYER'S HAIR VIGOR a most excellent preparation and one that does all that is claimed for it."—L. RUSH, Connellsville, Pa.

**Vigor**

"AYER'S HAIR VIGOR does all that is claimed for it. It restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color—dark brown."—W. H. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N.J.

**Did It**

"My head became full of dandruff, and after a time my hair began to fall out. The use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR stopped the falling out and made the scalp clean and healthy."—MRS. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

## GUSTON.

Mrs McCall, of Louisville, is visiting the old home place near Sandy Hill church.

Our merchants sold out all of their Christmas goods and the cry was for more.

Mrs. Will Baskett is quite sick at this writing, but hope she will be up in a short while.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank, of Irvington, enjoyed a "big" dinner at Dr. Baxter's Christmas day.

Mr. Mortica Brown and Miss Love will be married on the 28th. Miss Love is a daughter of the late Ed Love.

On the 21st inst. Mr. Jeff Shumate and Miss Ruth Prather were united in the holy bonds of Matrimony.

The Rev Donald McDonald, of Shelbyville, treated us on Christmas day and to two magnificent sermons.

The young people of Salem vicinity had a great time Christmas eve in the way of a tree in the church.

Proctor Shumate shipped 5 hhds of tobacco of his own raising to Louisville, receiving $85 00 total for the crop.

John Murray and family, of Wolf Creek, spent Christmas with Mrs. Murray's father, Mr. Thos. Anderson.

Miss Ellen Munford will render a "solo" at the Farmers' Institute which meets at Irvington on the 3rd and 4th.

Lawrence Bewley, who lives in Oklahoma, suddenly surprised his parents by stepping in upon them the other night.

A brunette lady of east Guston wore one of the handsomest suits to church last Sunday, it was a Christmas gift from her mother,

Col. Jack Gross, of Holt's Bottom, has rented the LeGrande store house at this place and will bring on a stock of goods in the near future.

Mr. John Patteson, of Rowletts Station, on the L. & N. road, visited his uncle, R J. Patteson, and took three Meade county horses home with him

There was a mistake made in my last items stating the 10 head 1st pick of sheep sold at the Anderson sale brought $32, they brought $60 instead.

Dr. Will Strother, of Big Spring, made a flying trip over to see our station the other day, he brought some ladies over to take the west bound train.

On Thursday the 29th the Rev. Drake, of Sacramento, Ky, and Miss Reina Shacklett will be married. The particulars will be given in next issue.

In a letter from Frank Miller, a private in the U. S. A., who is stationed at Anniston Military Camp, Ala, was a request to please forward to him his BRECKENRIDGE NEWS after they had finished reading it at home. Frank took the NEWS several years before he joined the army.

Mrs. Worland Carter and little son, James Edwin, spent Christmas with relatives down in Breckenridge county. We will venture the assertion that Mrs Carter has the prettiest baby in this part of the country, this is a very broad assertion to make, but we can prove it by the baby.

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolute certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency.—Short & Haynes.

## DUKES.

Roads are in a bad condition.

The school children are having recess this week.

Henry Ray and wife, of Cloverport, attended services Sunday.

Rev. Winfred, of Patesville, preached Sunday at the school house.

Xmas. is gone and every body is sweet once more.

Rev. Snead failed to meet his appointment, and there will be no services this week.

Xmas. is past and sore heads and black eyes are evidences of over indulgence of fire water.

Jack Smiley's horses started to run away during services Sunday, but only ran a short distance and was stopped by running foul of a tree.

## THE ZOUAVE.

On the evening of my story George Lory, the first blacksmith of Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines, was in an unhappy frame of mind.

It had always been his habit as soon as the forge fire was extinct and the sun had set to seat himself on a bench before his door, and, while enjoying that lassitude which hard work on a warm day leaves behind it, drink several pots of beer with his apprentices before sending them away.

But on this particular evening the good man remained at the forge until it was time to go to the supper table, and then went reluctantly into the house.

"What can be the matter with him?" thought his wife. "Perhaps he has received some bad news from the regiment that he does not wish to tell me. Perhaps our son is ill."

But as she dared not ask she occupied herself in trying to quiet her three flaxen headed youngsters, whose laughing faces appeared around the board, where they were munching a salad of black radishes and cream.

At last the blacksmith pushed away his plate, exclaiming angrily:

"Oh, the cowards! Oh, the scoundrels!"

"What is the matter, Lory?" asked his wife.

Then the root of the whole matter came to light.

"I am speaking of those five or six scoundrels whom any one could have seen this morning rambling round the village in the uniforms of French soldiers arm in arm with the Bavarians. Yes, it is such as these—what shall I call them—who have chosen to become Prussians! And to think we will have to see these false Alsatians coming back every day from Africa! What magic potion have they drunk to make them change this way?"

His wife, motherlike, immediately attempted the defense of the abused.

"What would you have otherwise, my poor husband?" said she. "This return is hardly the fault of these children. Algiers, where they were sent, is so far away that they were homesick, and it must have been such a temptation for them to come back, such a temptation not to have to be soldiers any longer!"

Lory struck the table with his fist fiercely.

"Hush, mother! You women never understand anything. Living for your children and with your children makes you lower your mind to the level of the intellect of the youngsters. As for me, I say to you again that these men are beggars, scoundrels, the worst kind of cowards, and, if ill luck should make our Christian capable of such infamy as theirs, as true as my name's George Lory and that I have served seven years as a French soldier I would run him through with my sword." And with a terrible look, half rising, the blacksmith pointed to his long saber hanging on the wall beneath his son's picture—a portrait taken in Africa of a soldier in zouave uniform, but with such an honest Alsatian face, tanned by the sun, that the sight suddenly calmed the father, and he said laughingly:

"It was well I looked at the picture. As if our Christian could become a Prussian!"

Put into a better humor by this idea, the good man gayly finished his dinner, and soon followed it up with a couple of pints of beer at the Ville de Strasbourg inn.

At last his wife was alone!

After putting the little flaxen heads to bed and listening to their prattle in the next room, which sounded like a nestful of birds going to sleep, she took her work and sat down to knit before the door at the garden side of the house. From time to time she sighed as she thought, "Yes, I know it well, they are cowards and renegades; but what does it matter. Their mothers will be glad to see them back once more all the same."

And she thought of the times before her son had gone with the army, how at this hour of the day he used to devote himself to the care of the garden. In her mind she could see him, clad in blouse, his hair long, his beautiful hair which they had cut off when he became a zouave, filling his watering can at the well near by her.

Suddenly she started. The little gate at the end of the garden which opened on the fields was ajar. The dogs had not barked, notwithstanding the fact that some one had come over the wall like a robber and was gliding in and out among the beehives.

"Mother!"

Her Christian stood before her, ashamed and troubled, his tongue thick from drink, his uniform disheveled. The miserable lad had returned from Africa with the others, but for an hour had been rambling outside the house waiting for his father's departure. His mother felt it her duty to scold him, but she had not the heart to do it. It had been such a long time since she had seen him. So she embraced him instead.

Then he gave her such good reasons for his return. He hated the country where he had been. It grieved him to be so far away from home, and his comrades called him a Prussian because of his Alsatian accent. He told her all this, and she believed it. She only had to look at him to believe anything.

Talking incessantly, they entered the house.

The youngsters awoke and ran in in their nightgowns, barefooted, to embrace their big brother. They wanted him to eat something, but he was not hungry, only thirsty—oh, so thirsty! So he drank pints of water in place of the wine and beer to which he had been treating himself all day at the inn.

A step was heard in the court. Alas, it was the blacksmith returning!

"Christian, there is your father. Hide yourself quickly until I have time to speak to him to explain all!" cried the mother, pushing her son behind the great earthenware stove, while she started to sewing once more with trembling fingers. Unfortunately the zouave's cap rested on a chair, and it was the first thing Lory saw when he entered. This, then, explained his wife's pallor, her embarrassment. He understood it all.

"Christian is here!" he cried furiously, and, taking down his saber, with a gesture of rage rushed behind the stove, where the zouave, pale and sobered, was crouching, leaning against the wall for fear of falling.

The mother threw herself between them.

"Lory, Lory, do not kill him!" she cried. "It was I who wrote him to return—that you needed him at the forge."

She clung to her husband's arm, and, sobbing, dragged him back, and in their room the weeping children could hear their parents' voices—one full of tears, the other of anger, so changed that they could hardly recognize them.

The blacksmith stood still a moment and looked at his wife.

"Ah, it was you, was it, that made him return? Very well. He may go to bed. I shall see what I will do in the morning."

The next day Christian awoke after sleep full of nightmare and terror to find himself in the room where he had slept when a child. Across the little lead framed panes grew a hop vine in flower, and the sun was already high in the heavens. Below the hammers sounded on the anvil.

His mother was at his bedside. She had not left him during the night because she feared her husband's rage might return. Her husband also had not sought his couch, for until it was dawn he had walked about the house, weeping, sighing, opening and shutting the drawers of the presses, and now that it was day had quietly entered his son's room, dressed as for a journey, with high gaiters, a large hat and carrying an iron ferruled mountaineer's staff. He came up to the bed, saying only, "Get up!"

The boy, a trifle confused, started to put on his zouave uniform.

"Not that," said his father sternly.

"But he has no others," his mother interposed.

"Give him mine, then. I shall not need them any more."

While his son was dressing, Lory carefully folded the uniform, and, making a package of it, hung it by its strap over the end of his stick.

"Now come down stairs," he said at last, and the three went down to the forge without speaking. The bellows roared, the men were at work. The sight of the open shed door reminded the zouave of his childhood, how he had played there so long between the warm road and the door where the sparks of the forge shone in the black coal dust. A feeling of tenderness came over him, a desire to have his father's pardon, but when he lifted his eyes he encountered an inexorable glance. At last the blacksmith spoke:

"My son," said he, "here are the anvil and the tools; all are yours. And all this, too," added he, pointing to the little garden, full of the sunlight, and the humming of bees, framed in the besmoked doorway. "The hives, the vines, the house, all belong to you. As you have sacrificed your honor for these things it is only right that you should take care of them. You are master over all here. As for me, I am going away. You owe five years to France, and I am going to pay them for you."

"Lory, Lory, where are you going?" cried his poor wife.

"Father!" wept his son.

But the blacksmith had gone, walking away with great strides without turning once.

At Siddi-bel-Abbes, at the garrison of the Third zouaves, not many days later there was enrolled among those who had enlisted as volunteers one whose age had passed half a century by five years.—From the French of Alphonse Daudet For Short Stories.

For broken limbs chilblains, burns, scalds, bruised shines, sore throat, and sores of every kind, apply BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It will give immediate relief and heal any wound Price 25 cts and 50 cts.—A. R. Fisher.

### A Soldier Poet.

We call the attention of our readers to the poem entitled "The Reg'lar Army Man," which appears on the first page of this paper. It was written for the NEWS by Frank Miller, of the 2nd United States Infantry Frank's home is at Guston where his parents reside

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

# Industry and Integrity.

An extract from President's Mckinley's Speech at Tuskeegee, Ala., Dec 16th.

* * * * *

Integrity and industry are the best possessions which any Man can have, and every Man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them from him. He can not acquire them by inheritance; he can not buy them or beg them or borrow them. They belong to the individual, and are his unquestioned property. He alone can part with them. They are his to keep. They make happy homes. They achieve success in every walk in life; they have won the greatest triumphs for Mankind. No Man who has them ever gets into the police court, or before the grand jury, or in the work house or the chain gang. They give one Moral and Material Power. They will bring you a comfortable living, make you respect yourself and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. The Merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment posesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open the door of opportunity to a struggling Manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you do not already have them, get them.

**YEST'S.**

*"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."*

WE ARE NOT UNMINDFUL OF THE FAVORS GRANTED US BY THE PUBLIC IN THE PAST YEAR AND WE HOPE BY THE SAME PRICES, THE SAME GOODS AND THE SAME TREATMENT TO MERIT THEM DURING THE COMING YEAR. . . . . . . . . . .

*A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All.*

**YEST'S.**

**WORMS!** WHITE'S CREAM **VERMIFUGE!** Most in Quantity. — Best in Quality.

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

Send $2.50 to the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS and get a $5.00 Bible and the NEWS free of charge for one year.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**

"When the doctors considered me incurable, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of

**Chronic Bronchitis"**

L. B. LARDINOIS, Rosiere, Wis.

HALF-SIZE BOTTLES, 50c.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 28 1898.

## Local Brevities.

River is rising.

A happy New Year to all.

Tobacco is coming in slowly.

Winter weather is predicted.

Rabbits are plentiful on the market.

Gus Brown, of Hardinsburg, is in the city.

Mr John Birk, of Henderson, is in the city.

Rev. T. V. Joiner will preach at Holt's next Sunday.

Harry Moorman, of Owensboro, spent Sunday in the city.

Buckeye State passed down Monday with a big trip.

Samuel Beavin, of Glendeane, was in the city yesterday.

Thomas Pollock, of Guston, was in the city Monday.

Monday was observed a legal holiday by the banks.

Mrs. John Neubeaur is in Owensboro with relatives.

The school children are enjoying the holiday vacation.

Felix Elder, of Russellville, is in the city visiting friends.

The town has been crowded with visitors the past week.

Mrs. C. E. Lightfoot is the guest of relatives at Sorghotown.

Frank Boyd and wife, of Owensboro, were in the city Sunday.

Reaction has set in and there is a temporary quiet in business.

Express business was very heavy at this point during the holidays

Snow and rain are sharing honors in the contest for varied climate.

Walter Smart returned from a week's stay at Paducah Saturday evening.

Mrs W L Smith and granddaughter, county, were in the city last week.

The eclipse of the moon last night was not visible owing to the clouds.

Miss Maggie Lewis went to Louisville, Monday, to visit her grandparents.

Guy Oelze, of Troy, Ind., was the guest of Mr and Mrs. Alfred Oelze last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warfield, Hendricks county, were in town Thursday shopping

Walter May spent Christmas with his parents, Mr and Mrs. Charles May, Sr.

Miss Bessie Harris, of Tar Fork, spent Christmas with her cousin, Mary E. Farber.

The hunting season closes January 1st. After that date it shall be illegal to kill quail.

H. V. Duncan spent Christmas with his son, David Duncan, at Brandenburg.

Bowling Green parties have under contemplation the organization of a law school.

Ed Goodnight returned from a tour through southern Indiana, Saturday evening.

Misses Effie and Sallie Swaggot attended the entertainment at Skillman Christmas eve.

Rev. W. B. Rutledge and family went to Mt. Washington, Ky., to visit relatives Saturday.

Sue Robert Watkins, of Owensboro, is the guest of her little hostess, Margaret Moorman.

Miss Emma Weatherholt, of Tobinsport, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Curt Weatherholt.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bently, of Hawesville, spent Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. F. N. D'Huy's.

Miss Margaret Bowmer returned from a three months visit to Dallas, Texas, Saturday night

Miss Gussie Wilson, of Corydon, Henderson county, is visiting Rev. T. V. Joiner and wife

Mrs. Wm Hanks, of Stephensport, spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. John Weisenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. John Renfrow, of Sulphur Wells, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs Robert Nichols.

Mr. Walter Windelken and wife, of Morton Gap, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Windelken.

O B Mattingly has been awarded the contract of carrying the mail from the post office to the depot.

Ed Nolte, of Louisville, is spending the holidays with the family of his brother, Julius Nolte.

Mrs. R. H. Hawkins and daughter, Elsie LaHeist, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. U Farber.

Mr and Mrs. William Dorst, of Lewisport, spent Christmas with Mr and Mrs. Wm Mullen in this city.

William Victor Bowmer was in the city last week. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bowmer.

Rose Jelly, for chapped hands and the complexion, is a most delightful preparation. Call for it at Sulzer's

Mr. and Mrs. John Renfrow and Ronney Renfrow, of Ohio county, are visiting Mrs. Rachel Weatherholt.

Holiday traffic on the Henderson route was unusually heavy, extra coaches had to be used on the day trains.

Mrs. Eugene Haynes and daughter, Ruth, were in Louisville on a shopping expedition Friday and Saturday.

Mr Austin Popham, of Louisville, has arrived to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Popham.

Mrs. Allie Williams and children, of Waitman, are the guests of Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs Joe Porter.

Mrs. Stephen Wilson and children left Monday for Louisville, where they will spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

Mrs. George Reese, of Pineville, who has been the guest of relatives at Hawesville and this city, returned home Sunday evening.

Walter Oelze is home from college. He looks as though he has enjoyed splendid health He is attending college at Georgetown.

Julian Brown, one of Breckenridge county's hustling young men, was in the city several days last week delivering his crop of tobacco.

James Dean, Frank and Jesse Moorman, of the Glendeane neighborhood, were delivering their tobacco to local buyers of this city last week.

Robert McAdams, of Hawesville, is in the city, the guest of Malcolm O'Bryan. Robert is to go to New York to prepare to enter the priesthood.

Miss Bettie T. and Master William Shull Haswell, the beautiful children of Frank Haswell went to Hardinsburg Monday to visit their grandparents.

Mr. Frank Rupert, of Tar Fork, finished delivering his crop of tobacco last week to A. B. & H. T. Jarvis. He had nearly 18,000 pounds and realized 7, 5½ and 1.

Capt. J. H. Rowland and wife who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taylor, Rosetta, have returned home accompanied by Miss Bettie Taylor, who will be their guest.

Mrs. H. V. Duncan has reached Asheville, N C., safely with her son, Courtney. She says they are pleasantly situated and has great hopes for the recovery of Courtney's health.

J. T. Daniels, formerly janitor of the Methodist church, at this place, but who is now located at Lewisport, is in the city visiting his daughter. He thinks of moving back to the city.

The Misses Alliene and Minnie Murray went to Henderson Monday to be the guests of Miss Alice Dixon. A delightful reception was given in their honor Monday evening.

Mrs. Eliza Bandy, Union Star, spent Christmas day with her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Kissam, from here she went to Owensboro to be the guest of her brother, Samuel R Moredock, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Arnold arrived in the city from Camp Shipp, Anniston, Ala., Monday. Tom is regimental barber for the Fourth Kentucky, and is home on a furlough. While absent he added to himself a better half. Congratulations.

The play of "Uncle Josh" given by the local A. O. U. W. Lodge Monday and Tuesday nights was largely attended. Our efforts to get a good sized audience were well repaid as the play was well interpreted A full write up of the play will appear next week.

Jane and Ella Smith, the little daughters of Dr. Smith, are very much distressed over an accident that happened to their little dog. The latter was absent from home one day last week and when he returned one of his eyes had been knocked out.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stephens close their home, "Alta Vista," to-morrow. Mr. Stephens goes to Florida to spend the remainder of the winter with his son, Minor Stephens, in Lakeland, Fla., and Mrs Stephens will visit her daughters, Mrs. T. J. Minary and Mrs Coldwell Norton, of Louisville, until Mr Stephens returns in the spring.

In billiousness, HERBINE, by expelling from the body the excess of bile and acids, improves the assimilative processes, purifies the blood, and tones up and invigorates the system. Price 50 cts.—A. R. Fisher.

**WILLIAMS & LITTLE'S 1898 LIST OF... DAVIESS COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE.**

Tract No. 1—Sold.

Tract No. 2—168 acres near Worthington, on Texas Railroad, about 12 miles from Owensboro, high level land, 135 acres cleared; buildings, two large tobacco barns, three tenant houses. Price $20 per acre

Tract No 3—Sold.

Tract No. 4—115 acres, four miles from Owensboro. Buildings, dwellings and barn. Price $24 per acre.

Tract No. 5—100 acres eight miles from Owensboro. Level, black land, 60 acres cleared. Buildings, dwelling six rooms, tenant house, barn holding 15 acres of tobacco. Price $25 per acre.

Tract No. 6—100 acres, four miles south of Owensboro. Buildings, two tenant houses and barn. Price $35 per acre.

Tract No. 7—115 acres, 14 miles from Owensboro, Rolling land. Buildings, house five rooms, fine shade, tenant house, two large barns, 90 acres cleared. Price $12.50 per acre.

Terms on everything, one-third cash, balance in one, two and three years, 6 per cent interest.

Drop us a postal card, and we will send you a full list.

**WILLIAMS & LITTLE,**

214½ Third Street,

OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.

# SUNDAY SCRAP.

## Cutting Affray the Aftermath of Christmas Pleasantries.

### Two Eastland Youths Try to Carve Each Other Up.

Albert Adams and Walter Barbo engaged in a quarrel at Eastland just outside the city limits Sunday morning. The quarrel was the result of a few pleasantries which had been indulged in between the two on Christmas. It resulted in one of the youths cursing the other.

They came together and when they were parted it was found that Adams had carved Barbo viciously with a razor

Three ugly wounds were inflicted. Two were in the back. One of the cuts was eight inches long and the other four, Barbo's ear was also slit with the weapon. A new suit of clothes and a new hat were ruined by the free use of the razor.

Barbo's wounds, none of which were dangerous, were dressed by Dr. Rafferty.

# COLD BATH

## Taken by Bob Barry, the Well-Known Printer.

### Fell Between the C. & O. Ferry Boat and the Landing Float.

Robert Barry, of Cloverport, Ky., and formerly foreman of the job rooms of the Blade, who was called here by the death of his sister, Miss Alice Barry, had a very narrow escape from death at the C. & O. ferry landing Wednesday night.

He and his wife were coming from the train, and were in the hack. Bob thought he saw his brother-in-law standing on the ferry float and getting out of the hack attempted to step on the float. Instead he went down between the float and ferry boat was crushing her way to the float and Bob was in iminent danger of being killed by the boat even if he escaped the cold water. He was rescued in time however, and almost frozen was taken up the bank to thaw out. He lost his hat while taking his involuntary bath. It was a very close call and Bob wants no more baths in the Ohio in zero weather.—Portsmouth, (O.) Blade.

Mr. Barry is foreman of the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS and his many friends here rejoice at his escape. He returned home Sunday night and is now back at his old post.

### Indiana Pioneer Dead.

Another of Spencer county's honored pioneer citizens has passed from earth. After a very short illness, Hon. Wilson Huff died on Saturday, December 10, at his home in Huff township, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He was born in Breckenridge county, Ky., February 14, 1812. For ten years he served Spencer county as surveyor and lower house of the Indiana legislature, 1845-46 and 1881. He was a member of the state convention that framed the present constitution of Indiana in 1850-51. He also at one time of a member of the county board of commissioners.

Success comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, you will surely be benefited.

### Birthday Party.

Miss Edna Jarboe entertained a number of her friends at her home Monday night in honor of her birthday. The guests were invited to "come early and stay late," which they did. Refreshments were served, and a delightful time was had.

### Social Dinner.

Miss Anna Lillard entertained a number of her girl friends at her home at 3 o'clock dinner yesterday afternoon. The affair was a most pleasant one and the young hostess was highly complimented for her tact.

### Big Postal Business.

The local post-office did a tremendous business during the holiday week. About sixty packages a day were averaged and the stamp sales amounted to over $8 daily.

**One Minute Cough Cure, cures.** That is what it was made for.

**Your Doctor Knows**

Your doctor knows all about foods and medicines.

The next time you see him, just ask him what he thinks of

**Scott's Emulsion**

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. We are willing to trust in his answer.

For twenty-five years doctors have prescribed our Emulsion for paleness, weakness, nervous exhaustion, and for all diseases that cause loss in flesh.

Its creamy color and its pleasant taste make it especially useful for thin and delicate children.

No other preparation of cod-liver oil is like it. Don't lose time and risk your health by taking something unknown and untried. Keep in mind that SCOTT'S EMULSION has been the standard for a quarter of a century.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

### GOES TO JAIL.

#### Galloway is Not Yet Out of Serious Trouble

A. W. Galloway, who shot at Clyde Morrison and City Marshal Graham, and who also tried to administer medicine to Charles Lishen against the latters will, was granted a jury trial before Judge Skillman yesterday afternoon and was found guilty. Ten days in jail and $25 fine was the verdict.

This does not end Galloways trouble as he has yet to face a charge of shooting without wounding. This will bring him before the Circuit Court and involves a more or less severe penalty

### TOBINSPORT, IND.

W. R. Polk has la grippe.

Mrs. Martin Frank is no better.

Mrs Nan Groves was sick last week with grippe.

Rev. Ferrell preached at the Baptist church, here, Sunday.

Santa Claus has come, and the little girls and boys are happy.

Prof. Powell is in Hawesville to visit his daughter, Mrs. Z. Ferrell.

Miss Rose Polk is spending Christmas with Mrs. L. L. Rodgers, of Cloverport.

Jim Lyons has joined the regular army, and will leave for Lexington next Friday.

As this is my first time I will come again if this does not find its way to the waste basket.

Mr. Bud Biven went to Louisville to spend Christmas with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Colvin.

G. B. Shaw is at Mr. M. Frank's to spend Christmas. Mrs. Shaw is with her mother, who is very sick.

We heard a farmer remark the other day that the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS was the best county paper that he knew of.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### STEPHENSPORT

La grippe is the order of the day.

Rev. Beare was in town one day last week.

Mrs. G. W. Payne is quite sick at this writing.

R N. Vaughan has a very bad case of Gripse.

Mr. Geo. Jamison is sick at the Smith Hotel.

Miss Etta English is home from Hopkinsville.

Mrs. Ben Lay is confined at home with rheumatism.

They say June Haynes is getting quite "jolly" of late.

Don't miss the entertainment as it will be something good.

Mrs. Will Pettit who has been real low is now improving.

Rev. Galloway filled his appointment here Sunday last.

John W Jarrett, Jr., was home from his school at Shiloh, Sunday.

Masters Carl and Floyd Armstrong, of Sample, spent Sunday in town.

Everts English is home from Lexington College to spend the holidays.

Miss Celia Raliegh, of Louisville, is spending the week with relatives.

Herman Lay is home from his school at Walnut Grove for the holidays.

Floyd Miller, of Henderson, will be home this week to spend New Years.

Mr. and Mrs Tom Wright, of Fordsville, are with her father Mr. J. Stiles.

Miss Kate Allen, of Chenault, is expected to visit friends here this week.

Now it is a "Happy New Year," the day for the turning of that self same leaf.

Santa Claus has come and gone, gladdening the hearts of the old and young.

Heber Roberts came down to spend Christmas with his cousin, Miss Ida Jarrett.

Miss Lee Perrigo of Evansville, Ind., who has been visiting relatives, returned home Sunday.

Remember the entertainment of tableaus, music and recitations to be given at City Hall Wednesday evening Dec 28th.

Mrs. Fanny Basham, of Kansas, and Mrs. Nancy Dowell, of near Sample, are visiting her sister and daughter, Mrs. G. W. Payne.

Mr. Vester Parr, one of our home boys who is attending medical college at Nashville Tenn., spent a few days last week with his father.

The supper Xmas eve was quite a success in every particular, considering the hold Grippe has upon the community as nearly every home has a victim.

Miss Etta English who is teaching with her sister near Hopkinsville, and Evarts English who is attending college at Lexington, are home for the holidays.

It is wonderful how fast manifests itself. It was remarked to one young lady that she was wanted. To be taken as an angel to have wings. The said she'd rather be a Hawk and live in chicken.

The ladies of Stephensport will give an entertainment Wednesday for the benefit of the M. E. and Baptist churches. Everybody is cordially invited. Mrs R. A. Smith will have the arrangement of tableaus of which she always makes a success.

Mr. Eugene Gilliland's school closed last Friday. He is a young gentleman of great ability, and the patrons are pleased with his school and are only sorry he could not continue some months longer He goes from here to attend the State College at Lexington. Many good wishes attend him.

### House Sold.

Short & Haynes sold the two story frame house at the corner of Oak and Railroad streets to E S. McAfee this week for $900. Mr. McAfee is bridge foreman on the "Henderson" and will reside there in the future.

**DEFENDING THE NATION.**

Catarrh is our country's enemy. La grippe, throat troubles and lung diseases of other famous membrane take hold of people and fatal results follow with alarming frequency. All of these troubles are catarrh, and cannot exist where the membranes are clean and healthy.

Mrs. Lou Davis, Fayetteville, Tenn., tells in her letter how Dr. Hartman's great catarrh remedy, Pe-ru-na, cured her of la grippe and serious lung complication. She says:

"I was afflicted with a disease commonly known as la grippe two years ago; the doctors said I had consumption. I got one bottle of Pe-ru-na and the second night my cough stopped. I took several bottles, and I will say that I believe I would be a dead woman now if it had not been for Pe-ru-na."

Mary M. Pruitt, Palpa, Mo., says:

*Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.*

"I had la grippe for three successive years; it seemed to get a tighter hold on me each year. It seemed I was in the jaws of death. What had helped me before would not do me any good. I saw an advertisement of Pe-ru-na. I procured two bottles and it cured me I have not felt any symptom since. You may use this in any way you please."

**Start Right!**

The New Year is here. Start it right by purchasing your goods during the next year where you will get the most for your money.

**Honest Prices!**

**Honest Goods!**

**Honest Values!**

Are the three considerations that guarantee you an opportunity to practice economy.

These can be procured by trading at

**W. E. Brown's,**

The Bargain Center,

IRVINGTON, KY.

### Stray Notice.

Taken up as a stray by D. T. Dowel, living near Sinking Creek, on Brandenburg road, in Breckenridge county, on the 10th day of November, 1898, one red and white spotted cow, unmarked, about ten years old, and which I have appraised at the value of eighteen dollars.

Witness my hand, this 26th day of November, 1898.

A Copy.

Atty: OWEN CUNNINGHAM, B. C. C.

By CLINT P. HOOK, D. C.

### A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The holidays are fast approaching. If you have a friend you are going to remember on Christmas, what would be more appropriate as a gift than a fine Oxford Teacher's Bible, bound in morocco. You can get such a Bible, with the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS for one year for $2.50. You can't buy the Bible at retail for less than $2.50 anywhere in the world. By this arrangement you practically get the NEWS free for one year.

The Child's Bible, a beautiful work for children, and the NEWS for one year for $2.00.

**TO OUR PATRONS.**

THE PAST YEAR has been a very prosperous one with us, and we attribute this fact to our customers. We have tried to make our relations with our patrons the very pleasantest. Our goods, our prices and our methods have been honest because we realize that our business success depends upon the confidence that people have in us. Our Christmas trade was fine and we thank our patrons for their liberal patronage. We are now starting in on the new year and we extend to you all wishes for a Happy New Year. Trade with us liberally next year as you did last and you will have a prosperous year—that is if prosperity is achieved through economy.

Respectfully,

**SULZER'S.**

**NEW YEARS' GREETING!**

**WILSON & JONES, OF FORDSVILLE, KY.**

Wish Everybody a

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

It has been our endeavor to get something to please everybody. We cannot begin to enumerate all the different articles, both useful and ornamental, that we have to show you, and that we want to sell you. But our Holiday Goods are not the only attractions we have to show you. We are overloaded with several lines of goods, and are forced to make some very low prices to move them out, especially does this apply to our line of High Grade Mackintoshes, Woolen Dress Goods, Percales, Linen Table Cloths, Towels, Ladies' Fleece-lined Hose, Men's Rubbers, Queensware, Etc., Etc. In fact we are pretty well filled up in every line.

We are selling $8 00 Mackintoshes for $5 50; $6 50 Mackintoshes for $4 50; $5 50 Mackintoshes for $3.75; $4 50 Mackintoshes for $3 00. Our $1 35 Mackintosh is cheap at $2.00 See it. Our big sales on

**SUITS, OVERCOATS AND ODD PANTS**

prove beyond a doubt that we are underselling all competitors in this class of goods if in need of anything in this line come to see us and go no further. On all Dress Goods over 25c per yard we will allow a discount of 20 per cent until January 1, 1899. Our 10c and 12½c Percales to go at 8½c. Linen Table Cloths, Towels, Fleece-lined hose, and Queensware will also go at 20 per cent discount for the remainder of the year. Men's Rubbers that usually sell for 50c to go at 33c.

Yes, we will have plenty of Candy for everyone. Our candy order amounted to over 3,000 pounds, so that we will be

**HEADQUARTERS FOR CANDY!**

| | |
|---|---|
| Finest Grade Stick Candy, - - - - | 6c per pound |
| Barber Pole, - - - - | 7c per pound |
| Fancy Candies, - - - - | 8c and 10c per pound |

Penny Goods of Every Description.

**WANTED—5,000 CROSS-TIES**

For which we will pay highest market prices. If you have any Tie Timber for sale be sure to see us before selling.

Yours Very Truly,

**WILSON & JONES,**

FORDSVILLE, KENTUCKY

### BIG SPRING.

The Christmas tree was quite a success.

Bro. Walton preached for us Sunday night.

Miss Lill Clarkson is visiting friends in Louisville.

Roy Hollis, of New Albany, is here visiting Joe Foor.

Will Norris, of Texas, is here visiting his father Taylor Norris.

Misses Ora Walton, Zelma Strother are visiting Mrs. Ray near Owensboro.

Ben Clarkson, Jr., of Louisville, was down home to spend Christmas day.

Foster Lyon, Jr., of Irvington, was the guest of Miss Hortense Miller Christmas day.

Miss Shelly Miller, of Maze Grove, was the guest of Miss Sennie Meyer Sunday.

Harvey Jenkins, of Glendale, was home for Christmas, the guest of Miss Ruby Miller.

Kins Miller and family, of Vertrees, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Martin.

It is rumored that a certain widower around here will shortly take unto himself a bride.

Mrs. Holland, of Louisville, who has been visiting her son Richard, returned home last Wednesday.

Rev. Clay Moorman who is filling a mission work at south Leitchfield is home spending the holidays.

Dr Strother will leave for Owensboro Wednesday, where he will be the guest of one of the fairer sex a day or two.

Joseph Medley and family will leave for Louisville next week where they will make their home.

Henry Hardin, who is traveling for Simmons Hardware House, of St. Louis, was home a few days Christmas.

Dock Springate and wife, of Custer, were here a few days the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kit Martin.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

# WANTS.

#### FARM FOR SALE.

THERE will be offered for sale at the Court House Door, in Hardinsburg, Ky., on the third Monday in January, 1899, a tract of land of 140 acres known as the Wm. McGary farm, near Kirk, Ky., on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months to be sold by order of Court.

BARNES & KINCHELOE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

#### Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Kentucky, Owensboro Division.

In the matter of Wm. T. Mattingly, bankrupt.

The first meeting of the creditors of Wm. T. Mattingly, Bankrupt, will be held at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 3rd day of December, 1898, at the law office of R. N. Miller, in the City of Hardinsburg, Kentucky.

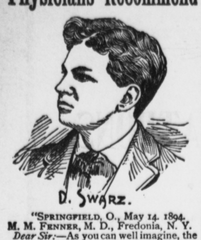
J. A. DEAN, Referee.

#### Administrator's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of John Atkinson, deceased, will please present same to me in Hardinsburg, Ky., property proven on or before March 1st, 1899, as required by law.

C. F. CASHMAN, Adm'r. of John Atkinson.

# Physicians Recommend




"SPRINGFIELD, O., May 14. 1894.
M. M. FENNER, M. D., Fredonia, N. Y.

*Dear Sir:*—As you can well imagine, the worry and arduous duties of a hotel manager during busy season of the World's Fair were sufficient to break down a man of more natural strength than myself.

Towards the close of the Fair season I found myself languid, dull, bilious and nervous, not taking the interest of a healthy man in my business.

Our house physician recommended your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic as the best remedy his life-long experience in practice had discovered, for my restoration and it accomplished the work completely. To-day I am a well man—thanks to your great remedy."

**E. A. WITT,**
*DRUGGIST,*
Hardinsburg, Kentucky


### A FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet, delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born.
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex.
It is th' idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth worlds perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles.
Where death and love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feign'd Elysium's truth,
The spring that winter'd hearts renew'th,
And this is that my soul pursu'th.
—Thomas Campion, Seventeenth Century.

## AT THE PLAY.

"How funny to be here with you!" said she.

He started. The phrase jarred him. It was at once inapplicable and undignified. He turned to her with a pained expression. "Delightful," "perfect," "entertaining"—he could have condoned expressions such as these, commonplace as they would undoubtedly have been. A man may be tender toward a woman's rhapsodies about her lover when that lover is himself. But—"funny!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" She clutched his arm. "What funny people!" The fatal adjective again! This time he winced, winced twice deliberately, lest she should mistake the first signal of distress as a mere physical infirmity.

She continued quickly:

"That reminds me—I don't know why it reminds me, but it does; force of habit perhaps, because he hates badly turned out women so—Don is up in town tonight. Did you know? I wonder if we shall come across him?"

"You mean Lord Kilmore's younger son?"

"You remember Don?"

Her glance, meeting his full, showed some surprise at his obvious ill temper. She put her hand out hurriedly, with a pretty, unaffected gesture of sympathy.

"Dear! You're not ill?"

Nothing irritates a man whose liver is out of order so much as being reminded of the fact. The deepening curves at Chinnock's mouth grew positively rigid with irritation.

"Of course not. Is anything ever the matter with me? How your imagination runs away with you—dearest!" The "dearest" was a dutiful concession to the situation; but, somehow, she shrank from it, her ardor chilled, the keenness of her enjoyment marred already.

"We have still ten minutes to wait before the curtain rises," he said. He regretted his customary after dinner coffee. "What if I took the opportunity of explaining to you the motif of the play? It is a trifle complex."

"I would be kind of you," she said, with a little smile, but, notwithstanding, her eyes showed some disappointment as she scanned the house. She was longing to speak the sweet banalities to which most lovers find it pleasant to listen; to make her bright little comments and butterfly criticisms; to sip to its full the evening's cup of evanescent enjoyment; to be, in a word, herself—the creature of the moment, and his own.

She had looked forward to tonight—the first of her emancipation—with rapturous excitement. "It will be almost as good as being his wife," she had confided to the married sister under whose chaperonage she was spending the 24 hours in town, which broke her journey between her Gloucestershire visit and her travels farther north. "To have him all to myself for a whole evening! To feel that I really belong to him as he belongs to me! Can you imagine anything more perfect?"

Lady Guthrie could, easily, but she did not say so. She had only met Chinnock once, and he impressed her as a prig and a bore, and Margot's angry disclaimers could not alter her sister's opinion.

"You have to marry him, not I!" she said comfortably. "What does it matter what I think? He's well off, which is something. At least you can congratulate yourself so far. No one can patronize you. Your women friends won't be able to pass you on their unbecoming last year's clothing nor their husbands' stale tobacco."

"You're prejudiced," Margot replied. "All sisters are." Which in a sense was true, for Lady Guthrie's sympathy was openly enlisted on behalf of the scapegrace of the Kilmore family, young Don Garrick, who had adored Margot since she trespassed barefacedly and barefoot in the Kilmore deer forest as a little child. But Margot, having systematically dominated him for 18 years, already felt the pleasure might pall if long continued. "He has been so much to me all my life. It would be boring for him to become more still during the rest of it. I know him so well—too well," she said, in excuse for her cold heartedness. But at objections such as these Lady Guthrie shook her head in stern disclaimer.

"Wait," she said sagely, "wait." And Margot waited.

Tonight for the first time she saw something of the reverse side of her new picture, the canvas back as it disloyal to wish that Mr. Chinnock behaved more as one expects a lover to behave even in public, that he should show some sort of open pride of possession, of glad proprietorship? In the row immediately in front of them there was a gay, absorbed young couple, chatting, laughing, looking, smiling, reading their own tender meanings into the most trivial incidents of the evening. Margot watched them, fascinated in spite of herself. How differently they behaved from herself and her lover! The man leaned slightly forward—he "had got it badly," Don would have said. Every now and then his coat sleeve touched the little immovable white gloved hand next his and lingered for a moment caressingly. Margot's eyes grew tender, abstracted. It was so pretty, so natural. It woke her sympathy and gave her a pleasant little feeling of companionship. Almost unconsciously she herself moved a little closer.

"Are you attending? Margot, I don't believe you've heard a word I've said."

Margot started, her cheeks aflame, and turned to him in generous apology. "Dear, I'm so sorry. How dreadful of me. It's all so fresh and new and wonderful to me, you see. I'm a bit scatter brained. Such intelligence as I have is limited to only taking in one thing at a time. Tell me all about it again. I'll listen, truly. Do forgive me, Richard, please."

Her pleading broke down even Chinnock's indignation. But his shirt front looked extraordinarily stiff and starched and white, rather like polished marble, she thought, or was it only papier mache? And Margot moved instinctively a little farther from him as he continued:

"Foremost in the ranks of our latter day satirists James Lee Hoey stands unequaled. She it was who practically founded the new school. She stands alone. Her disciples imitate laboriously her brilliant dialogue, her scintillating epigram"—

"Her?" the girl repeated vaguely. "Her? Why do you speak of him as her? Surely he is a man."

"Do you mean"— he asked. "Is it possible that a living woman exists who does not recognize the supreme fact that this one of our greatest writers—I had almost said our one great writer—honored her sex by belonging to it?"

"I never realized that to belong to either sex was a question of one's own volition," Margot said quietly. "I did not know that James Lee Hoey was a woman, and, what is more, I'm not especially proud of the fact. I don't admire her. She is cynical and hard and morbid. I like Rhoda Broughton far, far better—I love her, in fact, she's so human and—Mrs. Hungerford, and dear Mrs. Clifford and Beatrice Harraden and heaps of others."

She choked a little in her excitement, trying to keep back her tears. It was all so trivial, but she had been petted and made much of all through her happy 18 years, her criticism asked, her opinion deferred to, and now— Repulsed, hurt, suffering, she shrank away from him. His kiss on greeting had been cold; his kiss on parting might reasonably be expected to be frigid.

She sat in outward quietude, her head averted, her thoughts tumultuous. If this was the beginning, what, oh, what would the end be? When the curtain rose at length, it was a relief, but the relief passed when it fell again. If an hour of him was so trying, what would a lifetime prove? At the second act he left her to have a cigarette in the foyer. She sat listlessly. What a fool she had been! What a mistake she had made! Was it irrevocable? One's people knew something after all; so much she must admit. She had thought him cultivated, charming. They had met on a northern visit, and he had been out deer stalking all day. At night he was too tired to prose overmuch, and his priggishness had passed for culture. Since their engagement they had met for the most part at big functions, and there it happened that until tonight they had really seen remarkably little of each other.

And what an awakening tonight had brought! She held her programme in her hand, looking at it with unseeing eyes. How blurred it was—how stained—how like her future life would be, lived out with him!

A shadow crossed the page. She looked up. A well remembered presence made itself felt.

"Margot! Crying!"

She sprang to her feet gladly, triumphantly, catching with her two hands at the firm, protecting fingers which gripped hers.

"Oh, Don," she said brokenly, "take me back! Please take me home before he comes again, dear. I can't stand him any more. Talk nonsense, Don. Tell me I'm 'ripping,' and 'a brick' and 'jolly,' in all the rest of the dear, delightful, slangy terms. And, oh, Don, if you love me, dear, make love to me, real love, for always! Don't ever, ever, be cultured or superior."

"If I love you!" he said.

And before the look of his eyes her own fell. But it did not matter, for he took her home.—Ladies' Field.


### Two Pointed Questions Answered

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you cannot get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale that will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgement on them and use only the better one. This explains the large sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport R A. Shellman, Stephensport.

**DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve**
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

"THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR IS THE OPENING OF THE GATE TO A NEW EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF EVERY MAN."—From the Sanskrit.

### THE DEAD GARDENER.

What bloom shall we lay in his fingers cold
Who lieth at length in his shroud.
The blossoms that blazon their beauty bold
Or the shy little wilding that hardly can hold
Its head erect in a crowd?

The lordly lily and queenly rose
He watered and trellised well,
Yet he loved the tiniest flower that blows.
And only the heel trodden daisy knows
Where the dew of his teardrop fell!
—Marion M. Miller in Criterion.

## IN MEMORIAM.

For 28 years the house at 23 Bond street—a specimen of a fine New York residence of 50 years ago and long the only private house remaining on what is now a business thoroughfare—has remained closed, except that a caretaker occupies the basement. Above this the blinds are tightly shut, and a pull at the front doorbell awakens no response. The house has a deserted, decaying look, and even the large doorplate has grown so tarnished that one reads with difficulty the name, "H. Ward."

Henry Ward died many years ago, and his son, Henry Hall Ward, then became owner of the house. It is since his death that the upper portion of it has remained closed and, so far as the public knows, unfrequented by any human being. Yet around this decaying residence there clusters one of the most charming romances, one of the most touching real love stories.

One sharer in this romance passed away when Henry Hall Ward died 28 years ago. The other figure in this tender drama, Miss Elizabeth Ann Partridge, is still living, at the age of 84, in a house to which she came on a two weeks' visit to an aunt 40 years ago. There she has remained ever since, surviving all who were occupants of the house at the time when she arrived for a fortnight's visit, which has now lasted twoscore years. The aunt whom she came to visit was Mrs. William G. Ward, a relative of Henry Hall Ward. The romance of their lives dates further back than this, for Miss Partridge lived with Henry Hall Ward and his mother until the latter's death.

The romance of the old Bond street house dates from the death of the man she loved and who loved her; whom she was accustomed to walk half way down town to meet every day on his way home from business, and from whom, on his death, she inherited a life interest in practically all his large estate, but whom, for reasons which all who have known of her romance have puzzled over, she never married. Some say the family opposed the marriage on account of their close relationship, for they were cousins. Be that as it may, Henry Hall Ward and Eliza Ann Partridge furnished New York society with a romance for many years, and even now those who have been in society long enough to remember the circumstances love to dwell upon it and to point to it as a tender shoot springing up in a society in which much is thought to be calculating, frivolous and vain.

When Henry Hall Ward died at Saratoga, in 1872, the executors to whom the bulk of his estate was left in trust for Miss Partridge wondered what disposition she would make of the old Bond street house. Business was already beginning to spring up in its vicinity. It was a valuable piece of real estate, and capable, if improved, of yielding a large income. But Miss Partridge acted promptly and in a way which more than anything else she could have done showed how tenderly she held her lover's memory. There were two servants in the house—Mr. Ward's valet and the latter's wife. To them she gave strict orders that in the floors above the basement not a thing was to be touched. Everything, even to the books and papers, was to remain exactly as Mr Ward had left them when he went to Saratoga to die. The two people who had so faithfully served her lover during his life were to remain in care of the house.

Further than this, however, Miss Partridge showed an interest in the home of her lover which served to keep the romance of her life fresh in the minds of all who knew her. Every day she walked down from her residence in Thirty-seventh street to the old Bond street house and went through it, satisfying herself that except for the mellowness of added age everything remained exactly the same as her lover had left it. Day after day the lonely figure was seen entering the house, and day after day she came forth as if from the tomb of her hopes. Only one change took place in the interior aspect, and that change was due to her devotion to her lover's memory. To appreciate it one must know something about the house and one of its inmate's hobbies.

This house is an old fashioned brick structure, with a basement, three stories and an attic with dormer windows. The iron posterns at the front steps are unusually ornate, and the front door, with its old colonial columns, supporting a quaint lunette, is a joy to the student of old time architecture. The interior arrangements of the house depart from the usual New York style of residence in that the stairs are placed far back, with a landing and a turn half way up, from which a window looks out on the back yard. This gives unusual spaciousness to the hall. The furniture of the parlor and the dining room back of it was of mahogany, not of the heavy, cumbersome kind, but lighter in style and more ornate. A conspicuous feature in the parlor was a superb leopard skin, which lay in front of the fireplace and mantel, and a little aside from either end of the dining room table were two stands, on which perched parrots, one of which had belonged to Jerome Bonaparte.

Henry Hall Ward had been very fond of birds. The fence of the backyard was unusually high, was covered with vines and lined with dovecote. The parrots and doves were great pets of Mr. Ward's. After his death Miss Partridge had them most carefully tended. As one by one they died she had them stuffed and placed in a front hall room on the second floor. This is the only particular in which the interior aspect of the house was changed from the exact condition in which Mr. Ward, or "Mr. Harry," as Miss Partridge would call him in speaking of him to his old servants, left it.

For many years she continued her solitary visits and wandered through the house which had so many tender memories for her—for she herself had lived there until the death of her lover's mother, but with the lapse of years, doubtless owing to the fact that not a ray of sun could find its way through the tightly closed shutters, the house became musty, and the books, the papers, the stuffed birds and the many pictures and objects of taste began to show signs of decay.

Then Miss Partridge took a step which must have given her heart a great wrench. Except for the caretaker's quarters, she had the entire interior of the house stripped and everything taken to her residence, and from that time her visits to the house have ceased, but even when the house was being stripped the shutters were not opened, and it is a fact that for 28 years they have remained tightly closed.

Henry Hall Ward, to whom Miss Partridge has remained so faithful for so many years, was one of the leaders of the New York society of his day and in which the Ward family is still represented by his cousins—General William G. Ward, who was an officer in the United States volunteer service during the civil war, and Mr. Charles H. Ward; Mr. Francis E. Ward, the latter's son, is secretary of the Seabright Golf club, and another son, Henry Ward, is with Troop A in Porto Rico.

Henry Hall Ward was president of the New York club in its early days, when it had delightful quarters in the old Haight house, at Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. He was also a prominent member of the Union club and of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was also treasurer. The Ward family owes its membership in this society to Colonel Samuel Ward, an officer of the Revolutionary army, who was Henry Hall Ward's grandfather. The portrait of another ancestor, Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island, is now the property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Henry Hall Ward's father was a brother of Samuel Ward, whose son, Samuel, was the Sam Ward, famous as a wit, scholar and bon vivant. Other cousins of Henry Hall Ward were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor and the mother of F. Marion Crawford. It seems a wonder that the novelist should not have woven this romance, which he found ready to hand in his own family, into a novel.

Henry Hall Wards' social position may be judged from the fact that among the pallbearers at his funeral in Grace church were John Jacob Astor Walter L. Cutting, Johnston Livington and James Francis Ruggles.

Eliza Ann Partridge's relationship to Henry Hall Ward arose from the fact that their mothers were sisters. They were members of the Hall family of Pomfret, Conn. J. Prescott Hall, her uncle, was William M. Evarts first law partner. Those who knew Miss Partridge as a girl, so many years ago, describe her as charming. She was of medium height, had browneyes and an abundance of strikingly dark hair. She is said, even now, at the age of 84, to preserve much of her youthful beauty.

When Henry Hall Ward died, one of his friends penned these lines in his memory:

Honored and loved, he passed away
As sinks a summer's day to rest;
The brightest when the radiant clouds
Of silent evening gem the west.

Does the woman who still treasures his memory think of these lines as she gazes into the sunset?—New York Herald.


In sluggish liver, HERBINE, by its beneficial actions upon the biliary tracts, renders the bile more fluid and brings the liver into a sound, healthy condition, thereby banishing the sense of drowsiness, lethargy, and the general feeling of apathy which arise from disorder of liver. Price 50 cts —A R Fisher.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser —Short & Hanes

**STOP CHEWING!**

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.


## NO TRESPASSING.

It was a delightful, hot afternoon, and under the trees Elysium itself. The path ran through a tunnel of foliage, between which glimpses of the river parallel were every now and then betrayed by natural vistas. If you happen to know the road to Lonore, before the path to Ashness Bridge forks off, in fact the delightful stretch that lies at Rakes' Foot, you will have a scene like to it as two peas are to one another, but for Derwentwater you must, of course, substitute the rapid, shallow, shingling Barragh.

The road was inches deep in dust, and that of the whitest, and the boots and stockings of the knickered, Norfolk jacketed traveler could scarce be distinguished from the dusty way itself, and he looked, had there been any to see, as though he floated in the air, bereft of feet and ankles.

Now, half way down the road, the traveler, who was young and fairly good looking, though perhaps not endowed with that facial strength of character which is the dear delight of authors who are feminine, happened upon a stile spanning the graystone and mossy wall that separated the wood beyond from the road. It was a famous stile, somewhat like a pair of stepladders, with three rungs by which to ascend from the road and two to ascend into the wood on the other side of the wall. The traveler ascended, and perched upon the happily placed platform at the summit of the stepladder and pondered some, and while he pondered he mopped his brow and gazed upon his boots besides, giving the lie to those who say that "one cannot do two things at once"—this for one who has refused to close the door at my behest and I in a draft most thorough. Then he struck a match to light a cigarette—I know it ought to have been a pipe, but it was a cigarette—and drawing it along an adjacent post, saw, for the first time, a notice thereon. It said:

ANY PERSON
FOUND TRESPASSING ON
THE BARRY ESTATE
E
WILL BE PRSECUTED
By Order,
Agent's Office. J. SMITH.

A very ordinary notice, but one which had been the subject of much merriment a while back, when "'Arry-you-Juggins" had eliminated the harmless O and interpolated the direful E for the amusement of his consœurs and confreres.

The effect it had upon our traveler was not that which henceforward, for all I care, may be described as defaciensis tripperii. He had no desire to drop in "not" between the "will" and the "be," neither did he change "person" into "peer," but he did allow his feet, which had been resting on rung two of the roadside ladder, to change their position to rung one of that of the woodside.

After the first step the way was easy.

So appeared to be the grass path which meandered among the trees in carves most sinuous, a path that looked—as all forbidden paths look—seductive, and, moreover, by far the most delightful in the whole district.

Our traveler looked at his watch, at the up and down of the road, and not a soul was in sight to deter him. He slipped to the ground, and in a brief space was in the thicket.

On and on pressed he till the blacking was restored to the boot by the dust banishing grass' agency. The cigarette, smoked out, was replaced by a second, and then he came to a halt at the brink of a cunning little tree mirrored, tree surrounded lake, whose clear waters invited—nay, almost commanded—immersion, with the thermometer taxed to its utmost heat recording limits.

Birds were singing, the lakelet rippled, and with delicious splashing a waterfallet threw itself in wanton abandonment into the embrace of the all absorbing tarn.

Delicious spot for bathing, but a spot wasted, impossible. On the farther side was one who gazed at our traveler, the intruder, with eyes beautiful and provoked—one attired in kerchief of lawn, bodice and skirt of print and in other dainty things.

"A pretty girl!" said he mentally.

"A wretched tourist!" she reflected.

The path was winding, like to a maze, but surely mazelike it led to an eventual goal? It would do no harm to ask. The traveler meandered on and found himself in a space but three or four feet from my lady of the lake.

His cap was off.

Said he, "Will you kindly tell me if this path comes out anywhere near Marleydale?"

"Eventually at the village itself," she replied.

He thanked her, and with steps reluctant would have advanced, but she, reddening and paling alternately, denied him progress except over her lithesome self.

"Please stop!" she commanded. "Are you aware that this is private property?"

"I could hardly imagine it was public," said he.

She flushed angrily.

"You are trespassing," she continued, "and are liable to be prosecuted."

"And persecuted, if the notice board lies not," he added.

"The notice board does lie. Some tourist"— she began impetuously.

"Then I suppose I am not trespassing," he queried.

"You will see!" said she fiercely.

"But surely a trespass without damage is as harmless as a threat that cannot be carried out?" he asked.

"The game"— she started to say.

"Is remarkable for its absence," he concluded.

"The—the"— She was at a loss.

"I picked this clump of mountain ash," he suggested kindly.

"Ah, injuring the trees! You can be imprisoned for that," she replied with satisfaction.

"Surely a fine"— he began.

"Our Bench is landed property," said she, "and we loathe—er—tourists."

"Oh!" he murmured, disconcerted.

"Only the other day my father, who is chairman, was most severe on one who carved his name upon a tree, and you have broken a branch."

"A twig," he ventured to correct.

"The same thing," said she defiantly.

"Miss Smith"— he said in tones imploring.

"Don't address me as 'Miss Smith,' sir," and she spoke in tones most haughty. "Such familiarity"—

"Well, Edith—if you command it," he murmured abashed.


**We Don't Want a Cent of Your Money**

Unless we can give you satisfactory bargains in Hats, Caps, Shirts, Neckwear, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

New Goods
Latest Styles

**NOVELTIES IN NECKWEAR**
For Christmas Presents

We have the Handsomest and Nobbiest Line of Shoes ever brought to this part of the country.

*Money Saving Prices*
*Marked on Everything.*

**C. SMITH,**
FORDSVILLE.

**THIS AD. SHOULD INTEREST EVERYBODY!**

**WHY?** Because it is placed here by the
**NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS**
for the benefit of the public, that they may know where to go to get the best dental work at the very lowest price.

| | |
|---|---|
| We extract teeth, 25 cents, without pain. | |
| Make a good set of artificial teeth for | $5.00 |
| Teeth filled with gold and platinum alloy, | .75 |
| Teeth filled with amalgam, | .50 |
| Teeth filled with pure gold, | 1.00 and up. |

A guarantee given with every filling. We have been established in Louisville for over ten years. Can give reference from best professional and business men in the city. Remember the

**New York Dental Parlors, 542 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.**

**542** Make no mistake but get in the right place, 542. Our system of making gold crown and bridge work or teeth without plates is the best known to the profession People from abroad can come in the morning and wear their new teeth home same day


"How dare you!" she cried.

"I dared not—till you commanded," said he. "And your name brooch supplied the information."

There was a moment's silence.

"You must give me your name and address," she commanded.

"For you to issue a warrant for my apprehension? No, 'the prisoner refused to give his name and address,'" he replied

It was an awkward position for a girl who only did her father's duty.

"It's most ungenerous of you," she exclaimed. "Just because you're a man and happen to be stronger than I am, you will evade justice."

"Never," he answered firmly.

"You will run away, and I, impeded by skirts, am helpless to catch you," she continued.

"You could lift"—

"Why don't you make good your escape?" she interpolated with haste.

"Am I not your prisoner?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say you will come quietly to the lodge and face my father?" she inquired.

"As quiet as any lamb," he asserted.

"Well, it's this way," said she.

"It is customary to grip the prisoner by the arm," he suggested.

She paid him no attention, and in silence they strolled toward the lodge.

"If you will excuse me for a minute, I will see if my father can attend to you now," she said when, arriving at their destination, she had led him to the drawing room. "Please sit down."

Surely prisoner had never been treated with so much consideration.

In a minute or two she returned somewhat confused.

"My father will return soon," she said.

"Then I must wait," he replied.

"Oh, don't you mind?" She seemed relieved.

"Not in the least," said he.

She rang a bell.

"Do you care for tea or would you prefer"— she asked.

"Tea, please," said the prisoner.

And tea was brought.

"I think I saw a picture of this house in this year's academy," said the prisoner, tea and toast in hand.

"Did you really notice it?" she said with pleased surprise. "I painted it, and Mr. Barry bought it. Mr. Barry owns all this property."

"Indeed! He must account himself most fortunate to have so zealous a guardian as yourself. Thank you—half a cup."

Then they talked of many things—of books, of paintings, of poets' songs, till the sun lost some of its youthful vigor, and they wandered into the garden, and there the conversation was of other things perhaps more human than that of books and paintings, but none the less pleasant, and at last they happened on a mutual enthusiasm, and they enthused until the sun just dropped behind lofty Craigavar, and a sudden chill fell upon the jailer, and she cried:

"My father will be back in a few minutes. Hadn't you better—escape?"

"And we were getting on so well, too," said the prisoner, with half a sigh.

"Yes—I mean I think you have been imprisoned long enough," she murmured.

"Oh, no!" replied the prisoner gallantly.

"You have—indeed you have. Please, please go. My father might adjourn, or something terrible, and you, with nobody to bail you out, would have to go to pris— Oh! I am sure Mrs. Jones, the constable's wife would never make you comfortable. Do go! Do go!" she pleaded, with hands that were clasped in pity.

"But how about your duty to Mr Barry?" he asked.

"Bother Mr. Barry!" she exclaimed.

Then, with gravel flying and the sound of much crunching of small stones, came Major Smith, the agent of the Barry estate, and he, seeing them, pulled up his ponies with great suddenness and, leaping to the ground, advanced, crying: "Ah, my dear fellow, here you are! I'm delighted to welcome you to your own house after so long an absence. I went to the station to meet you and found your luggage only—if we don't count a message to the effect that you had got out at Aberavar and were walking. Should have been back long ago if that confounded rascal Raven hadn't stopped me to ask for a reduction of rent—said his roof was falling in. So I went to see it and found, as usual, it was all nonsense. Edith been amusing you, I hope?"

"I met Miss Smith in the wood, and"— explained the traveler.

"She knew you from your photograph," Major Smith suggested. Miss Smith blushed.

"The photograph is not in the least bit like the original," she protested.

"Nobody ever recognizes it as me," said the young man unblushingly. "It is said to be a speaking likeness all the same."

She rewarded him with a grateful glance.

"People have said to me," he continued, "'Who is that ugly devil on your wife's escritoire?' and I"—

"Your wife?"

"Haven't you heard? I'll tell you all about it. Oh, it was quite a romance! It's a beast of a photograph, don't you think so, Miss Smith?"—Temple Bar.


**CASTORIA.**
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

**If It's Worth Printing the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal Will Print It.**

So will the BRECKENRIDGE NEWS and every Democrat, every Republican, every man, woman or child who can read will want to read it.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK COURIER-JOURNAL is a Democratic paper, of six or eight pages, issued Wednesday and Saturday of each week. The Wednesday issue prints all the clean news, and the Saturday issue prints stories, Miscellany, Poetry, all matters of special interest in the home. It is edited by Henry Watterson.

**Price 50c. a Year.**

You get 104 good papers, of six or eight pages each, for 50c—LESS THAN ONE CENT A PAPER.

**USEFUL PREMIUMS.**

Are given club raisers, and good paying commissions are allowed agents.

| | |
|---|---|
| Daily Courier-Journal, 1 Year | $6.00 |
| Daily and Sunday, 1 Year | $8.00 |
| Sunday alone, 1 Year | $2.00 |

**Twice-a-Week Courier Journal**
And The
**BRECKENRIDGE NEWS,**
Both one Year
**For Only $1.25.**

We have made a special clubbing arrangement with the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal, and will send that paper and ours for the price named to all our subscribers who will renew and pay in advance, or to all new subscribers who will pay in advance. Sample copies Courier-Journal sent free on application.

All subscriptions under this offer must be sent to the

**BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.**

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
**PATENTS**
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Nice line Clothing

**$2.89 to $3.50**

Fine Tailor Made,

**$4.00 to $7.50**

Extra fine Tailor Made, fancy silk and satin linings,

**$8 to $12.50**

**49c· to $10.00**

Extra nice Jackets in Astrican, Beaver cloth, strictly tailor made,

**$5.00 to $10**

Strictly Tailor Made Broad Cloth and Cheviot Jackets,

**$2.50 to $5.00**

**Geo. Yeakel & Co.,**

Brandenburg, Ky.



**B. N. College** Hardinsburg, Ky. The Oldest The Best

Free use of Dictionary, Encyclopaedia, and Scientific Apparatus. Six Courses; Both Sexes; Health; Thorough Instruction; Best Social and Religious Influence; no Saloons.

Tuition, $8 00 per term of ten weeks.

Send for Special Announcements to

J. H. B LOGAN, President.



**BANK**

—OF—

**HARDINSBURG**

B. F. BEARD, President.
WILL MILLER, Vice-President.
M. H. BEARD, Cashier.

G. W. BEARD,
MORRIS ESKRIDGE, } DIRECTORS.
R. M. JOLLY.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS



**J. H. Hunsche**

**The TAILOR**

Will be in Cloverport on the 2d and 4th Friday of every month with

Casper, May & Co.,
CANNELTON, IND



**NOTICE**

**To Persons Emigrating to Distant Points.**

Don't go to Louisville to buy your Through Tickets, when I can sell you as cheap as any Coupon Office in this country. I have a full and complete line of

**THROUGH TICKETS**

To All Points In

**United States, Canada or Mexico,**

And by buying your tickets of me you can get your

Baggage Checked Through From Irvington to Destination

Without any further trouble and annoyance upon your part.

Write me when you want any information as to tickets, etc.

**CHAS. F. REDMAN,**

Agent L., H. & St. L. Ry.

IRVINGTON, KENTUCKY.


### Fundanental Factor.

To my mind the foreign trade of the United States is the fundamental factor in the present situation Most people have apparently not yet appreciated its significance. The Government figures of foreign trade show: Excess of exports year ending June 30, 1896, $85,997,983; excess of exports year ending June 30, 1897, $265,621,112; excess of exports year ending June 30, 1898, $6,615,259,124 Total for three years, $966,878,219. Excess exports July 1 to October 30, 1898, four months, $165,799,884, making a total of $1,100,000,000.

Here is an addition of over $1,100 000,000 to the wealth of the country from surplus products in a little over three years. There is a persistent and importunate demand for our grain, provisions, cotton and manufactured products, which insures for the fiscal year ending June 30 next another large excess of exports. The total gain to the country in four years will probably be in excess of $500,000,000.

The trade statement for the three preceding years is important, showing the gradual growth of foreign trade: Year ending June 30, 1893, excess of imports, $18,735,728; year ending June 30, 1894, excess of exports, $237,145,950; year ending June 30, 1895, excess of exports $64·076,782. These net sales of surplus products must be paid for in some form Foreign nations did not have $1,100,000,000 gold to remit, but they sent us some gold and some securities. Today they owe us in various forms large amounts of money in the shape of liabilities, as, for example, exchange, the collection of which has been deferred. The debt, moreover, will grow instead of decreasing. We have not demanded money due us by foreign nations, because of the fear of disturbing monetary affairs in England, Germany, France and other countries, and because it pays us to leave it at interest.

A gratifying feature of our foreign trade is the growth in exports of manufacture. In 18 years these have nearly trebled. Last year they were nearly $300,000,000. There is every prospect that this growth will continue. We have imported fewer manufactured goods because we have learned how to make our own, and with improved machinery, abundant raw material and skilled and well-fed workmen, we compete with the world in manufactures as never before. The opening of Chinese and other Eastern markets will furnish new and almost unlimited opportunities

It is this enormous debt of foreign nations to us which has made money so easy throughout the country, flooded the West with capital, filled Western banks to repletion, and brought Western men in large numbers to invest in our securities.

Hardly one man in a thousand in the United States realizes this change. The power of $1,500,000,000 increased wealth no one can controvert. The figures are so stupendous and the logic is so irresistible that the student stands aghast. Few have ever seen these figures grouped in this form, and even the financial writers of the press, clever and able as they are have not seemed to grasp their magnitude and the irresistible investment and speculative momentum they have unquestionably exercised It must also be remembered that while this increased wealth is from exports only, the country itself has grown richer in even greater proportion. There has been nothing like this foreign trade statement in the history of the commerce of any country.

### His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continue to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and lung trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Short & Haynes' Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

### A Big Output of Manufactured Tobacco.

The output of manufactured tobacco, as shown by receipts of internal revengue, during last Oct. exceeded any month but last July since 1893. The output has been steadily increasing for several months and in cigar production a tremendous output has been made. Taxes were paid on cigars of $1,473,663 during October, 1898, while during October, 1897, $1,164,500 was paid. The total revenue on tobacco last October was $4,310,480, while in October, 1897, it was $3,088,652

### SAVED OUR LIFE.

### Do Not Neglect the Kdneys and Bladder.

Disorder of these important organs causes Bright's disease, rheumatism, pain in the back, dropsy and other troubles. Disease sometimes gets a hold upon your kidneys and bladder before you realize that anything serious is the matter. Often these organs are neglected until that awful malady, Bright's disease, has fastened upon you, and death awaits its victim. Many miraculous cures have been wrought by a course of treatment with Dr. Davis' Kidney Tablets. These tablets are put up in the shape of a kidney bean, and the formula has been pronounced by the best physicians of modern times to be the most direct in action on the kidneys of any remedy known to medical science. You can eat these tablets as you would candy. Send for free booklet on kidney diseases. Sold by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price 50 cents and $1.

### Separate the Chaff From the Wheat.

Some one has said that reading is like eating, and may be a very good or a very good or a very bad thing. Unless there is wisdom in the choice of both the material itself and the time and method of its using, neither reading or eating is commendable or safe. It is true you may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking It is not always the amount we read that impresses the mind, but it is improved by thinking and analyzing what we read. It is not the greatest eaters who are the strongest and healthiest A man may indulge his appetite until he becomes a gormandizer, and he is surfeited, so may one read until it becomes a kind of mania. Then he reads only to gratify that wanton desire to read He has no aim, no purpose, no definite end is his reading, but still he reads everything he can lay his hands on. To be benefitted by reading one must have a purpose and choose his reading to meet the demands of that purpose —Ex.

### He Fooled the Surgeons

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O, after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by Short & Haynes, Druggist.

### If Not a Subscriber

When making your new year resolutions resolve to give your wife and children or a friend the benefit of the News for one year.

### Answered Prayer.

Almost under the shadow of the Old South church, in Boston, there lived a worthy family who by reason of sickness had been brought to almost destitute circumstances. While the father lay prostrated with disease, the mother stitched from early morn till late at night to earn bread for husband and two little children. One Sunday morning she arose with a heavy heart, as she had nothing in the house to eat, and only 25 cents left with which to buy food for four. Husband was too ill to leave alone, so she sent her oldest child, a boy of only four years of age, for a loaf of bread After Andrew had been gone a few minutes he came runing in with a large wooden hoop, which some older boy had persuaded him to take in exchange for his quarter. The poor mother was overwhelmed with grief.

Suddenly the Spirit whispered to her to pray. But it was a new thing for her to pray, and she could only cry out to Him for help, that in some way food might be obtained for the family. A couple of hours later there came a rap at the door which she quickly answered A gentleman with a basket of bread said he had the trimmings from the communion loaves; could she use them? For reply she burst into tears The gentleman stepped into the desolate home and talked with the family a few minutes, then he went out and procured the necessaries of life. This was only the begining of better days. The father passed on to his long home, but the widow and the fatherless have ever since trusted in a prayer hearing and answering God.—Alvaretta.

### Women Should Know It.

Many women suffer untold agony and misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood. They have been led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for the many ills that beset womankind.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing-down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it with scalding or burning sensation, sediment in it after standing in bottle or common glass for twenty-four hours, are signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

The above symptoms are often attributed by the patient herself or by her physician to female weakness or womb trouble. Hence, so many fail to obtain relief, because they are treating, not the disease itself, but a reflection of the primary cause, which is kidney trouble.

In fact, women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is easy to get at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar.

To prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Kindly mention the Breckenridge News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

### Prof. Gilbert's Way.

Here is Prof. Gilbert's winter ration: Bran 3 lbs, fine feed 3 lbs, corn meal 2 lbs, fed with clover hay steamed and cut, adding also a very small quantity of salt and two or three handfuls of coarse sand and fine oyster shells mixed. Sometimes boiled vegetables are used in place of the hay. At noon he gives a light feed of oats and a good feed of wheat in the evening The grain ration is varied as much as possible. He keeps raw vegetables, including cabbages, carrots and turnips, where the hens can peck at them any time. Prof. Gilbert has charge of poultry department at the Ottawa (Canada) experiment station and has done some good work in bringing out the egg possibilities of hens

**Dr Bull's Cough Syrup is still in** the lead. The people seem to like this old reliable cough medicine, and we don't blame them; It is the best remedy for a deep-seated cough or cold, and will affect a cure in one day.

# IT'S YOUR LOSS!

## If You Don't Accept This Magnificent Offer.

## The Child's Bible and the Breckenridge News for 1 Year for $2.00.

**THE CHILD'S BIBLE . . .**

Contains the narrative, descriptive, and other portions of the Holy Scriptures in the words of the authorized version, to which are added more than a hundred pages, comprising

**A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,**
**And an Account of the Children of the Bible.**

Richly Illustrated with nearly 300 fine Engravings and Maps, and handsomely bound in cloth and morocco, with exquisitely attractive and charming new cover designs. Size, 8½x10 inches, Royal Quarto, with nearly 900 pages.

## GENUINE OXFORD TEACHER'S BIBLE,

Authorized American Edition, the Model Bible of the Nineteenth Century,

**AND THE**

## Breckenridge News

**FOR ONE YEAR FOR $2.50.**

This Bible is far in advance of all competitors. It never has been and is not now equalled anywhere. It is printed upon a paper of great opacity, toughness and softness, and agreeable tone. The Bible possesses a Concordance, maps of the Holy Land, and helps in the way of plates showing the money, language, animals, and history of the Bible.

This Bible is in Morrocco binding, round corners, gold edged and patent indexed on the margin.

This illustration shows the size of type and the style of pages. This is positively the most valuable edition of the Bible that has ever been printed.

**The Breckenridge News offers the Teacher's Oxford Bibles as a Premium to Subscribers.**

*The beginning of the flood.* GENESIS, VIII. *The waters asswage.*

Before CHRIST 2349.

him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood.

8 Of clean beasts, and of beasts that *are* not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth,

9 There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah.

CHAPTER VIII.

1 *The waters asswage.* 4 *The ark resteth on Ararat.* 7 *The raven and the dove.* 15 *Noah, being commanded,* 18 *goeth forth of the ark.* 20 *He buildeth an altar, and offereth sacrifice,* 21 *which God accepteth, and promiseth to curse the earth no more.*

AND God a remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that *was* with him in the ark·

Before CHRIST 2349.

a ch. 19. 29. Ex. 2. 24. 1 Sam. 1.

**THESE BIBLES** sell at $2.50 per volume everywhere in the United States, but the publishers of this paper offer it and a year's subscription to The Breckenridge News for $2 50. GIFT OF $1.00 MADE TO EACH NEW SUBSCRIBER. This magnificent offer should not be ignored. Send in your subscription to the paper and an order for the Bible right now. IT IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF YOUR LIFE.

## THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.


## McClure's Magazine

$1.00 a year - - - - - 10 cents a copy.

**FOR 1899.**

Among the special features are

A NEW SERIAL BY RUDYARD KIPLING
THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.
BY MISS IDA M TARBELL
THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE WAR, BY CAPT. MAHAN
A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S LIFE—REAL EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES.

Contributions by the highest authorites on new developments in

**SCIENCE, INVENTION, EXPLORATION,**

Embracing articles descriptive of

A Plunge in the Diving Torpedo Boat
Submarine Navigation
The Kite in Modern Warfare
Telegraphing without Wires
The Marvels of the Sea
Unsolved Problems of Astronomy
Life in the Deepest Mines
What Peary is Doing in the Arctic
The Telectroscope—Pictures by Telegraph

**SPLENDID SHORT STORIES**

They will come from such authors as:

*Rudyard Kipling, William Allen White, Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, Shan F. Bullock, Robert Barr, John A. Hill, Cutcliffe Hyne, Morgan Robertson, Clinton Ross, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, E. Nesbit, Ellen Glasgow*

We shall publish a number of very striking stories by new writers, and also a number of those short, crisp, dramatic episodes from real life which our readers have come to know as a special feature of McClure's.

**THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY,**
200 East 25th Street,
NEW YORK CITY NEW YORK


### A Fine Offer.

A usual interest to every reader of this paper is the advertisement elsewhere in this issue of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, unquestionably one of the greatest of American newspapers. That peerless paper can now be had by mail, every day, including the big Sunday issue, for only six dollars per year and at that price, it is certainly within the reach of all who desire to read any daily paper. The Weekly Globe-Democrat is issued in semi-weekly sections of eight pages each, making it practically a large semi-weekly, and almost equal to the average daily, at one dollar a year. This issue is just the thing for the farmer, merchants or professional man who has not the time to read a daily paper, but wishes to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It is made up with especial reference to the wants of every member of the family not only giving all the news, but also a great variety of interesting and instructive reading matter of all kinds. Write for free sample copies to Globe Printing Co, St. Louis, Mo.

### A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The holidays are fast approaching. If you have a friend you are going to remember on Christmas, what would be more appropriate as a gift than a fine Oxford Teacher's Bible, bound in morocco. You can get such a Bible, with the Breckenridge News for one year for $2.50. You can't buy the Bible at retail for less than $2.50 anywhere in the world. By this arrangement you practically get the News free for one year.

The Child's Bible, a beautiful work for children, and the News or one year for $2.00.


## The Weekly St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great Semi-Weekly Paper. Republican in Politics.

$1.00 Price One Dollar per Year $1.00

Issued in Semi-Weekly Sections. Eight Pages Every Tuesday and Friday, Sixteen Pages Every Week.

**As a Newspaper** The Weekly GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, issued in Semi-Weekly sections, is almost equal to a daily at the price of a weekly. The two papers each week give the complete news of the week from all parts of the world, so selected and arranged as to preserve the thread of events from issue to issue. The preparation of THE NEWS in this form involves an immense amount of labor and expense, and comprises the most complete and comprehensive NEWS SERVICE of any dollar-a-year publication in the United States, if not in the world.

**As a Home Journal** The Weekly GLOBE-DEMOCRAT is equally as pre-eminent. It is morally clean, and may be read without contamination by all the members of any family. It contains the very cream of current literature and the best pictorial illustrations. Its departments devoted to "The Home," "For Women," "Agricultural News," "The Farm, Garden and Dairy," are each of the highest grade, and its MARKET REPORTS are correct and complete in every detail.

**In a Word** The Weekly GLOBE-DEMOCRAT is a complete newspaper, prepared and printed for intelligent and thoughtful people. We have confidence in its ability to speak for itself, and will cheerfully mail SAMPLE COPY free of chare, upon receipt of request.

Address
THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*The DAILY GLOBE-DEMOCRAT is without a rival in all the West, and stands at the very front among the few REALLY GREAT Newspapers of the world.*

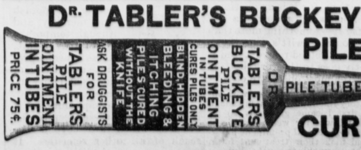
| Daily, Including Sunday: | | Daily, Without Sunday: | | Sunday Edition. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| One Year | $6 00 | One Year | $4 00 | 36 to 60 Pages. | |
| 6 Months | 3 00 | 6 Months | 2 00 | One Year | $2.00 |
| 3 Months | 1 50 | 3 Months | 1 50 | 6 Months | 1.00 |

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID.



**A BOON TO MANKIND!**

**DR. TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE CURE**




A New Discovery for the Certain Cure of INTERNAL and EXTERNAL PILES, WITHOUT PAIN.

CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

Tubes, by Mail, 75 Cents; Bottles, 50 Cents.

JAMES F. BALLARD, Sole Proprietor, - - 310 North Main Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

# FROM NEAR AND FAR.

## The News Gathered by Our Bright Corps of Correspondents.

### Things That Have Happened in Breckenridge and Meade.

### HARDINSBURG.

George Baker was at home last Sunday.

The jug trade was pretty lively last Saturday.

Miss Fannie Smith is at home for the holidays.

Hardinsburg's Christmas trade was the best in years.

Miss Alice Baker is at home from school to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Browen McCubbins was here from Cloverport last Sunday.

Scott Cart, of Union Star, was here last Thursday on legal business.

Born—To the wife of Zennie Frank, December 17, a ten-pound girl.

The trustees wouldn't allow Roman candles to be shot on the streets.

Rev. J, W. Bigham is at Falls of Rough this week assisting in a protracted meeting.

G. W. Beard has been overseeing some improvements at the parsonage last week.

Miss Irene Board came up from Glendeane last Saturday to spend Christmas week.

A good many jugs missed connection and went on to Glendeane and Falls of Rough.

Bud Hook and wife came up last Sunday from Falls of Rough and spent the day here.

Our merchants report a fine Christmas trade. The News' advertisers had a big run.

Clerk Cunningham reports an unusually large run in the marriage license business last week.

Ed Beard and wife came down from Louisville Saturday to spend Christmas with Major Scott's family.

Graham and Jesse Eskridge made a flying trip home Sunday to spend Christmas day with their parents.

Miss Fannie Hirst who has charge of the primary work at the college, has gone to Troy, Ind., to spend the holidays.

Henry Eskridge, who has charge of the McHenry Coal Company's business at Louisville, spent Sunday and Monday here.

Robert McGuffin, who travels for Newman & Co., wholesale grocers, Louisville, is spending the week at home with his family.

Mr. Mat Payne and Miss Maggie Goodman were married at the bride's residence, near this city, last Sunday evening.

Dr. Lightfoot and wife came up from Hawesville last Saturday to spend the holidays with friends here and in the country.

Miss Gertrude Beauchamp and her brother Lafayette, of McDaniels, were the guests of Mrs. Owen Cunningham last Sunday.

Mort Simmons, an old blind man who lives near Rock Vale, was brought here last week, and lodged in jail on a charge of violating the local option law in his district.

The members of Brother Davis' church gave an all day lunch last Saturday in Mrs. Tieff's store room. The proceeds will go to supplying a carpet for the church.

The Public School closed last Friday. Messrs. Pate and Harman, who have been in charge called the pupils up and distributed refreshments before dismissing them.

There was a big rush of business las week at the ten-cent counters. Christmas buyers, like other folks, hunt up the places where they can get a good many things for a little money.

Jailer Gus Shellman bought 275 acres of George Hook's farm last week at $2,000 Mr. Shellman expects to improve the place and move on it when his present term of office expires.

A, X. Kincheloe is selling out at cost with a view of quitting business here. He doesn't know whether he will go on the road again, or go into business for himself at some other point.

James Bishop and wife came down from Louisville Saturday, and will spend several days visiting friends. It is Mr. and Mrs. Bishop's first visit here since they moved away several years ago.

**Beauty is Blood Deep.**

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

### BRANDENBURG.

Pius Yates spent Christmas here.

Will Casperke came home for mince pie and fruit cake.

Henry Nevitt and Will Smith came home for a holiday.

C. M. Nevitt will not go to Dallas, Texas, till February 1.

There were many handsome dresses at church last Sunday.

Orla and Jimmie Lee Woolfolk were in town Saturday and Sunday.

Leon Lewis, Louisville, is at his uncle's, Mr. Jas. W. Lewis.

The young men are trying to get up a dance for to-night (Monday).

Billionaire Carnegie's attitude is a surce of surprise, a paradox.

Thomas Hodge, of Henderson, is at his aunt's, Mrs. Ginnie Phillips.

Hugh Ditto came up from Evansville to eat his Christmas turkey at home.

Miss Wathena Hamilton, of Kentucky College spent her vacation at home.

Dee Pusey came over from Indianapolis and ate Christmas dinner at home.

Jim Bickerstaff never forgets old, "young," ladies. He is a good fellow!

The last issue of Meade Messenger was so good the edition has laid over 'till 1899.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice Holcroft, nee Agnes Worland, spent a few days at home last week.

Jim Ostrander is down from Louisville to see hts sisters at Mrs. Blanche Fountaine's.

Mrs. June McGehee is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Stuart Peckinpaugh, of Evansville.

McKinley feels complimented no doubt in being so often lately compared to Lincoln.

Mr. H. V. Duncan came up from Cloverport last Sunday to see that fine, superfine grandson.

Mr. Richard Willett, our clever Circuit clerk, takes great interest in the Baptist Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Armstrong spent Christmas in Evansville with Mrs. Armstrong's mother.

Mrs. George Frymire had a dinner Sunday for relatives. Mrs. Frymire is an adept at serving.

Nr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Ditto were in Sunday to hear Brother Jenkins' farewell sermon, and ate Christmas dinner with me. They have a bright, lovely, little daughter, who is an honor to them in every particular.

Everybody is happy except those who prefer to be miserable, which is not contagious, thank goodness!

Old Gen. Wheeler, like George Washington, seems to bear a charmed life or were proofs against bulletts.

Mrs. S. P. Woolfolk is still quite ill Fr. Dugan, of Louisville, is expected today to meet her physicians here.

Nrs. John Frekes and little Carrie D. spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Drury, in Breckenridge county.

The popular malady, grip, has not struck us yet. Louisville is suffering and the Legion beys, especially.

Bro. Litchfield will preach next Sunday. He is giving us some very fine sermons. Be sure and hear him.

We are English enough to drop all serious affairs at the holiday season and give ourselves over to a "flow of soul" alone.

Miss Agnes Malin entertained a delightful house party of friends during the holidays from Evansville and Owensboro.

Brandenburg Normal closed last Friday for a week's holiday. The teachers gave a generous treat. Miss Mona Price's little pupils gave her a beautiful lamp.

Brandenburg and Meade County and adjoining counties expanded into the greatest Christmas trade and yet grumblers still exist and croakers continue to croak.

Ruth Phillips is in Louisville, with Lena Nevitt, to spend the week with Misses Mamie and Nettie Shenee and Lillie Hutti.

The Christmas tree treat and the program generally at the Methodist church last Saturday were pleasantly carried out. A large audience and a social hour held sway.

Mrs. Bickerstaff is ever thoughtful and kind. She cooked (she is a famous cook) and sent a large basket of delicious edibles to a lonely friend and his motherless boy.

Whoever thought the south was not patriotic? Did President McKinley's late tour just apprise some people and some papers of the fact?

Rev. Mr. Shultz cannot accept the call to the Baptist church here. Rev. Duvall has been called. He is spoken of as a highly spiritual consecrated man

I heard a dyed in the wool Democrat (Thos. H. Ditto) say that he was almost persuaded to vote for McKinley after reading his speech at Macon, Georgia.

We love the Legion, but please let us hold up and talk about items of more general interest. Military gossip is all right, but more state news just now.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Malin, of Vine Grove, Mr. and Mrs. George Woolfolk, of Louisville, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Herndon, of Irvington, ate Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis.

All honor to President McKinley's declaration that the time has arrived when the Federal goverment should assist the Southern States in caring for the graves of our dear Confederate dead.

My political belief is in antithesis to the President, but his recent trip to our own beloved south has proved him a patriot and I am glad he is so true an American. The late war was Providential.

No, indeed, I am no anti-expansionist, I am for spreading the American eagle over any large body of water and over any islands more than 100 miles from the extreme southern part of the United States.

It was not altogether good taste for Mr. Watterson to present Col. Castleman's name for Governor. However, Kentucky has great reverence for the colonel but he isn't the right timber just now.

Last Saturday there was scarcely standing room in any store. I heard one merchant say he had sold four times as much as last year and yet, and yet, prosperity's wave is denied. It is here for '99.

Of course, the people who criticised the President for having a Confederate badge pinned on him were not on the trip, Outsiders, or those not included on more or less important trips are always the fault-finders and critics Popular folks catch it every time.

Miss Eula Jones, of Groveland, is the guest of Misses Mattie and Mabel Shacklett. Dr. Henry Shacklett, wife and a friend, of Leavenworth, Ind., and Henry Shacklett, of Ohio, all spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Shacklett.

Europe need no longer marvel at our giant strides. She is coming into first place in the alignment of the Powers. New York can now dictate money rates to London and Paris. Let her continue to make aggressive, commercial strides.

Dr. P. W. Foote has proved himself a go-ahead, up-to-date, progressive farmer. Irvington will have the Farmers' Institute, and mainly through the doctor's efforts. January 3 is the date. Lively discussions on interesting topics by Posted men, music, ladies, and flowers are items.

Mrs. W. F. Grinnell is entertaining at a family dinner to-day: Mrs. Hattie Grinnell and children, Mrs. Ginnie Phillips and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Ditto and little Virginia, Thos. Hodge, of Henderson, "Dink" Price. Mrs. Grinnell is an exquisite house keeper and entertains with much taste.

Allen Armstrong's father's letter in last week's Messenger was interesting and recalled the long ago past quite vividly. I can remember the famous coasting and how we small girls (I was eight) would slide down on the sleds before the large boys. Few, very few of us remain, most have joined the "innumerable throng."

The exercises Sunday morning at the Baptist church were very interesting, consisting of songs and recitations. Misses Lula and Minnie, lovely girls, sang beautifully, Mr. W. D. Ashcraft assisted them making a fine trio. Miss Mabel Simmons sang a pretty solo. Remarks by Bro. Jenkins, the treat making glad hearts and happy faces.

The most beautiful Christmas presents I have seen were those made by Mrs. Dr. Pusey and Miss Maydee for absent friends and relatives. The Battenbery work, center pieces, by Maydee were simply exquisite and a handkerchief of lace and drawn design was a dream To make such dainty articles is a great accomplishment and pleasant pastime.

I never knew as many presents to be exchanged among and between friends as this Christmas. The girls and young ladies, the girls and boys, have all shown such a sweet spirit in exchanging and bestowing gifts. I do love to see a girl popular with her own sex, it shows true goodness. We have "lots" of 'em here.

Tuesday evening Miss Mattie Hamilton will entertain for Miss Williams, of West Point, and Miss Mamie Hunt, of Woodland. Quite a number from here are invited. Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Mattie have invited me to assist in receiving. I hope to be present, as they are most pleasant as hostesses. and their pretty home is renowned for enjoyable occasions.

My Christmas has been a bright happy one. So many have remembered me sweetly. I have a number of kind invitations this week for days and evenings out. Misses Annie Bondurant, Minnie Bland, and I spent Monday at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs R. B. Shacklett. Such a dinner! Such a lovely happy family! Mabel Shacklett plays and sings beautifully—one of my bright pupils.

And the hero of the Merrimac, if press reports are to be believed, was kissed by 163 women in Chicago at his reception given in his honor at the Auditorium. I am ashamed to think I have a boy in that city where anything so disgusting occurred. Lieut. Hobson would have raised himself in Kentucky ladies estimation had he most politely declined No doubt he appreciated (?) such osculatory demonstrations. Only love should prompt a kiss.

Bro. Phillip Jenkins preached as fine a sermon (the verdict was unanimous) last Sunday morning as he had preached during his ministerial work here. He was enthusiastic and feeling in his every utterance, to which the congregation fully responded and when each and every one went forward to say that sad old word, "Good-bye," few dry eyes were in the house and many heavy hearts. At night he gave us another log'cal sermon. And now Brother Jenkins has gone leaving a host of friends.

Dr. Eaton in lecture on "Poor Kin" said repeatedly, the rich and the poor did not understand each other and which fact he fully illustrated. It is just so, or has been with the north and south and the true relations existing between the whites and blacks It is worth a good deal to the south that a common understanding is being brought about. Wherever and whenever the blackman tries to uplift himself through industry and education he meets with encouragement from the white man. Fanatical members of both races are found north and south, but other wise all of us want harmony.

When you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of Piles being cured by this, then all other com bined —Short & Haynes.

### WEBSTER.

A merry Christmas to all.

There is joy and mirth in the air.

Our weddings materialize slowly.

Miss May Hatfield is visiting in Louisville.

Frank Hall and wife are visiting at Mr Wm. Hall's.

Miss Hattie B. Stewart, of Louisville, is visiting relatives here.

H L. Kurtz entertained Monday night by giving an oyster supper.

Fred Moorman, the happiest benedict in all the land, went to Owensboro Sunday.

Aaron Norton, of Garfield, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. T. W. McCoy.

Fletcher Barr, of Owensboro, was here last Saturday prospecting for land.

Miss Unsel, of Bardstown, is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Hall during the holidays.

Wm. Lamb and wife, of Nebraska, are visiting friends and relatives in this community.

Dave Henry and wife are visiting relatives here and enjoying Christmas luxuries.

Make some one happy this Christmas and thus create a ripple in your own sordid nature.

Miss Mollie Adkisson went to Cloverport Saturday to visit her brother, Dr. S. B. Adkisson.

Miss McGary, of Hardinsburg, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. B. Henderson, during the holidays.

John McGavock and Charley Claycomb went to Cloverport Saturday returning Monday.

T. G. Jordan went to Ekron Saturday to spend a few days with his daughter, Mrs.. Will Board.

We gladly welcome Jas. Skillman and family among us. Such additions to society are valuable.

H. L Kurtz went to Louisville last Friday to escort his sister, Miss Norrie, home from Peewee Valley Seminary.

Miss Myra Hanks returned to her home at Union Star Saturday for the holidays, dismissing school for one week.

Everybody's latch string will hang on the outside in this community during the holidays and nothing short of an old time Christmas will answer.

Mort Skillman, who has been in Washington, D. C, for several years, an employe in the treasury department, returned here recently in impaired health nd is at Dick May's.

#### A SEA SONG.

Oh, east by north the strong breeze blows,
The sea drives west by south!
Far out the thickening cloud rack flows
Across the harbor's mouth.
Aloft the rippling bunting plays,
The ratlines whistle shrill,
And down the sky the gray gulls fly
Beyond the darkening hill.

Then loose the sail to greet the gale
That crisps the scurrying wave,
And bless the breeze that lifts the seas
The ship's stout sides to lave.
Let breakers roll or fog bells toll,
Or decks be dashed with foam,
Through cloud and spray she'll cleave her way
And bear the seamen home.

—William Higgs in Youth's Companion.

## JEPTHA BOGLE.

Absalom Bogle was a rich old bachelor—worth his hundreds of thousands—and Absalom Bogle died. During all his life he had been known to form but one strong friendship and that was for his only brother, who, in the other years, had helped him to prospect in the coal mines—his brother Jeptha. This Jeptha, unfortunately for himself, had not been a misanthrope. He had loved and had been jilted, and just when his prospects of success with his brother Absalom had been brightening he had thrown up all his business and gone to faroff parts—to parts so far away that not a word had been heard of him from that time.

And Absalom Bogle died. He departed this mundane life on the fourth day of December, at noon. When his will was opened, which event transpired in the presence of many relatives, its provisions were found to be very simple. First, he bequeathed everything of which he might die possessed to his fondly remembered and well beloved brother, Jeptha. But in case said Jeptha did not present himself and claim the benefit within one year from the death of the testator then the property was to be divided among his other relatives, according to their rank of kin.

Only in one direction, setting aside his brother Jeptha, did the tide of relationship to Absalom Bogle flow. There were no nephews or nieces, no uncles, or aunts, but only cousins. There were two first cousins, four or five second cousins, several third and fourth cousins, and so on, in increasing ratio as they were farther and farther removed.

Sidney Spooner, Esq., was the attorney whom Bogle had selected to hold in trust his estate. When the frosts of October had begun to trace their delicate pencilings upon the crisp foliage, Mr. Spooner sent his clerk around among the relatives of Absalom Bogle to bid them prepare for presenting their claims at the appointed time. If the long absent brother did not show himself on or before noon of the fourth day of the coming December, the property would be theirs.

This clerk of Mr. Spooner was a quaint old fellow, answering to the name of Jedediah Sprout. He never hesitated to acknowledge that the attorney had taken him in out of charity, and in his humble way he sought to serve his patron faithfully. But the most wonderful thing about Jedediah Sprout was that he claimed to be a near relative of Absalom Bogle—nearer by far than any other living. He claimed descent from a brother of Absalom—an elder brother, much older than either Absalom or Jeptha—who had died in South America many years ago. The cousins looked up the family history and found that the ancient brother in question had been one Solomon Bogle, a wild, wayward fellow, who under a cloud had changed his name to Sprout and who had left no record of having ever married. Jedediah acknowledged that the said Solomon had never married, and yet he had the hardihood to claim to be his son.

Could anything be more impudent? The cousins, from the first to the sixteenth remove, held up their hands in holy horror. That a man in possession of his senses should unblushingly acknowledge such shame, and, above all, that from such a slough of ignominy he should thrust himself into relationship with honest people!

And yet Jedediah Sprout worked in his humble station for Mr. Spooner. He visited the cousins with his instructions from his patron, and to each he tearfully presented his own claim.

"I ask not for a prime share of the wealth of my father's relative," he said. "I am very poor, and a mere pittance will serve me. Let me share with the very least."

But they scouted and jeered and would not listen. They received the legal instructions which he brought from the attorney, and then kicked him out.

In a neighboring town lived Kate Winthrop. She had been Kate Wetherbee, but during the very last summer, while other cousins had been cultivating their golden expectations, she had married Jack Winthrop and had settled down in a snug, quiet home, peaceful and happy. Her husband worked hard for a living, and she helped him, and she was grateful and glad that she had the strength so to do.

Jedediah Sprout called upon Kate and presented the attorney's instructions.

"Come in—come in and rest," said Kate, in her winsome, cheery way. "Come in and stop for dinner, but don't say anything about the Bogle property. I don't care to hear it."

"But," urged Jedediah, "you are a relative!"

"My mother was a cousin, some four or five times removed," answered Kate, "but I found no claims upon that circumstance. My poor pittance wouldn't be worth the wrangling and tangling I should have to endure, and, moreover, Jack and myself have concluded that we had better paddle our own canoe."

By and by Jack came in, and to him Jedediah presented the subject. But Jack was as emphatic as his pretty wife had been. He didn't care to mix in the feverish, scrambling mess.

"But," said he, "I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Sprout. I have heard your story, and in all honor and humanity I think your claims are just. If you cannot get the share of Absalom Bogle's property to which you are morally entitled, you are welcome to all you can get in the name of my wife. How is that, Kate?"

"I agree with all my heart!" cried Kate.

The rich moisture in Jedediah's eyes gave token of the feelings which he did not speak. He sat down and ate dinner with the happy young couple and said no more upon the subject of business.

The weeks rolled on, and the morning of the 4th of December at length arrived. In the great, old, shambling house which had been vacant since the day of Absalom. Bogle's funeral an anxious crew were assembled.

On that very morning Jack and Kate Winthrop had been visited by Mr. Spooner, who had asked their attendance on the coming occasion. They had replied to him that they had no interest in the matter.

"But," said Mr. Spooner, "Jedediah Sprout tells me that you will give your share to him."

"If he can get it," added Jack.

"If he is to get it at all," said the attorney, "it will be necessary that you and your wife should be there to relinquish it."

"On your honor, Mr. Spooner, do you think our presence would help poor Jedediah Sprout?" asked Kate.

The attorney replied that he thought it would.

"Then," said Kate, "we will go. What say you, Jack?"

Jack consented, and so it transpired that Kate Winthrop and her husband were present at the eventful meeting. The cousins of closer degree scowled upon them when they entered, and one wheezy old spinster informed them that it would have looked better if they had remained away.

"Not nearer than the sixth or eighth remove at best," put in an ancient maiden of ascetic aspect. "Uh! The assurance of some folks!"

The hour slipped on, and the important meridian was close at hand. All had assured themselves that Jeptha Bogle was not in the land of the living. At all events he had not been heard from. And then followed a comparing of notes touching respective nearness of relationship. Genealogical registers of all kinds were at hand, and it was very evident that not a few of them had been recently altered and amended. Crimination and recrimination resulted, and a belligerent outburst was on the tapis when the clock struck 12, and with the last stroke of the fateful bell Mr. Spooner appeared upon the scene, and with him came the man called Jedediah Sprout.

"Ladies and gentlemen and very good friends," said the attorney with a formal bow, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you your very obedient and humble cousin, Jeptha Bogle. He bids you welcome to his mansion and begs that you will honor him with your company to dinner."

"Bogle!" cried spinster number one, starting up. "What Bogle?"

"It's a base deception!" exclaimed the ancient maiden of ascetic visage.

"Who is Jeptha Bogle?" demanded a low browed haberdasher, upsetting his chair as he arose and coming very near to upsetting a wizen faced old bachelor who sat next to him.

"I am Jeptha Bogle," said the attorney's companion. He now appeared in a suit of black velvet and looked like a very kind hearted, benign old gentleman. "I am the only brother of Absalom Bogle, who died one year ago in this house. I came from South America six months ago and made myself known to Mr. Spooner. I told him I had no use for all the money my brother had left, and that I was willing to divide the greater part of it with the distant relatives.

"Mr. Spooner applauded my motive, but advised me to examine for myself and select the worthy ones. So I called myself Sprout and went at the work. As you would have done unto Jedediah Sprout, I give you full permission to do unto yourselves. Dinner will be ready in half an hour, but you will excuse me from sitting at table with you, as I am engaged elsewhere—Jack and Kate Winthrop will come with me. As they were not of the heirs expectant their presence in this assembly is no longer necessary."

From astonishment to indignation and from indignation to boiling wrath surged the cousins of all degrees, and in such wrathful mood they found no appetite for dinner, and one by one or in muttering, cursing pairs they crawled away, invoking all sorts of maledictions upon the head of the returned brother who had so deceived and entrapped them, as well as upon the heads of the young couple who, they were very sure, were to bask in the sunshine of Jeptha Bogle's good intent.

And in this last surmise they were not mistaken. Old Jeptha found a home with Jack and Kate, and he did not wait until death had cut short his share of the enjoyment before giving to them of the wealth which he had resolved should be theirs.—Cincinnati Post.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by coughing, is requested to call on A. R. Fisher, Cloverport; R. A. Shellman, Stephensport; E. A. Witt, Hardinsburg, and get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, which always gives relief

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases.—Short & Haynes.


# A Happy New Year to All!

One of the New Year resolutions should be to save money. The easiest and most satisfactory way to do this is to buy goods where you get the best quality at the lowest price. That place is our store. Read the following;

Sewing Machines $15 and up.
Iron Bedsteads, with Springs, $4 and up.
Oak Bedsteads from $2 up.
Best Skates for 60 cents.
Heating and Cooking Stoves, All Styles, All Prices.
These prices give you a foretaste of the great bargains we offer.

We are Headquarters for
PAINTS, OILS,
BRUSHES,
SADDLES,
HARNESS,
Of Every Description.
In the Spring we will open up with a full line of Buggies and Carriages.

NOTICE.
We are the largest dealers in
LISK'S PATENT ANTI-RUSTING TINWARE
in this section. We desire to emphasize to our customers that all the goods manufactured by this company are
WARRANTED NOT TO RUST.
We will make this guarantee good by replacing free of charge any articles which are brought back in a rusty condition.

## Fine Line of Furniture.

# McGlothlan & Piggott,

IRVINGTON, KY.



# Tortured By Rheumatism.

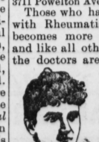
**A Purely Vegetable Blood Remedy is the Only Cure.**

If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as liniments and lotions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies can not cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a *real blood remedy*—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy, and it promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case.

A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism, which, though mild at first, became gradually so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the pains spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines, but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. S.. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury. I felt so much better after taking two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism, though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.

ELEANOR M. TIPPELL,
3711 Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes more severe each year, and like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure it. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a stiffness of joints and only intensify the disease.



S. S. S. never disappoints, for it is made to cure these deep-rooted diseases which are beyond the reach of all other remedies. It cures permanently Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, and all other blood diseases. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed

Purely Vegetable

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.